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Standard

JULY 25, 2005

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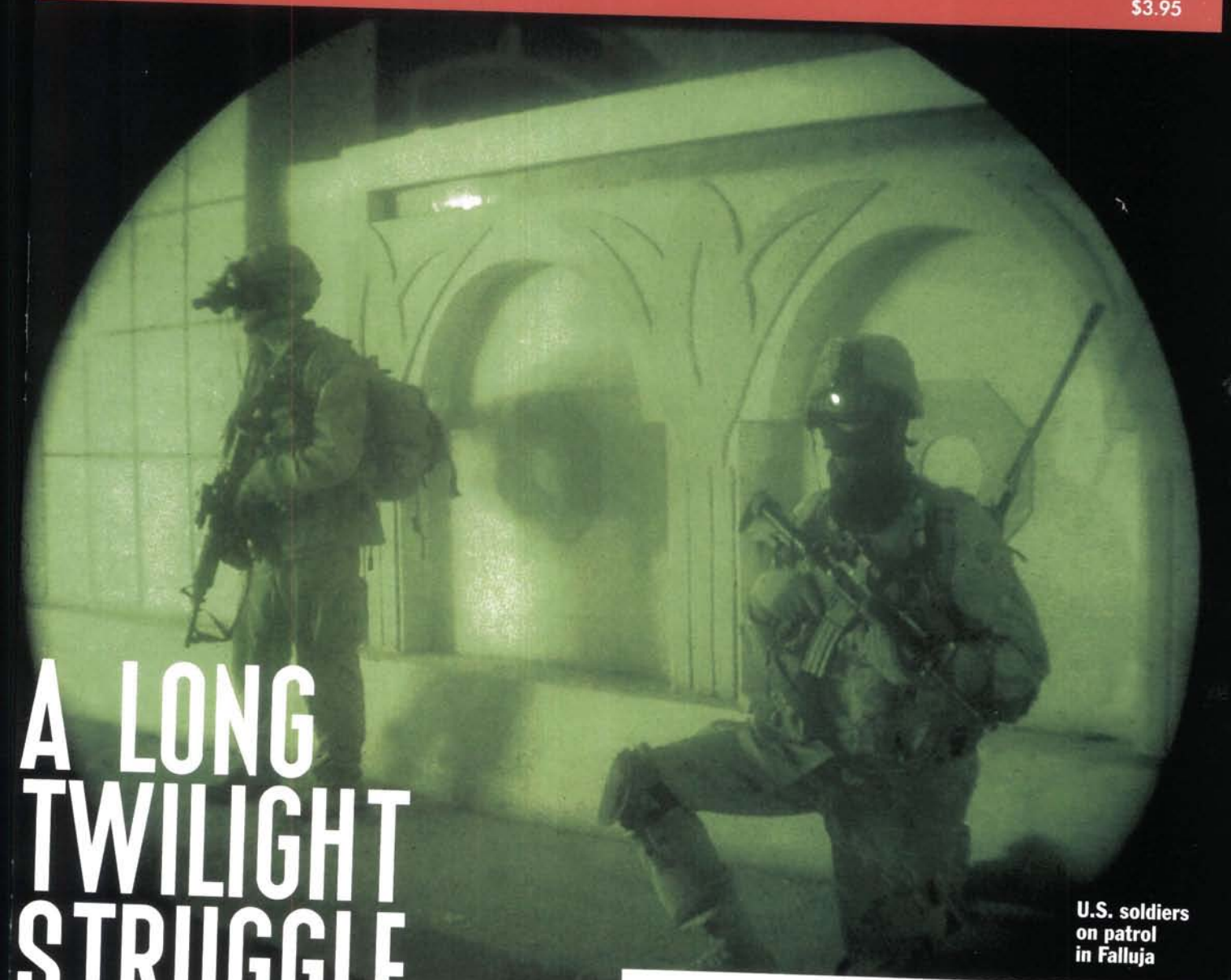

U.S. soldiers on patrol in Falluja

A LONG TWILIGHT STRUGGLE

DEFEATING ISLAMIC TERROR IN EUROPE AND THE MIDDLE EAST

AUSTIN BAY • REUEL MARC GERECHT

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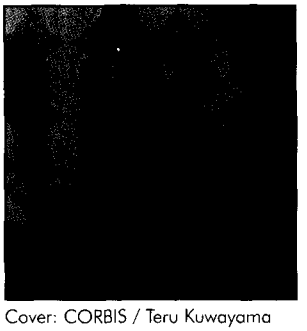

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the weekly Standard

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The Nine Lives of Joe Wilson's Reputation

That sound you hear is THE SCRAPBOOK gagging at the images we saw on television last week. We're speaking, of course, about the spectacle of leading Democrats and sympathetic media types performing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on former ambassador Joseph C. Wilson IV's moribund reputation.

Sad but true, Wilson has seen yet another spike in what he once dubbed his "Notoriety Quotient." This, thanks to new developments in the ongoing investigation into who in the Bush administration, in the aftermath of an op-ed by Wilson attacking the honesty of the White House, told reporters in July 2003 that Mrs. Ambassador Joseph C. Wilson IV, one Valerie Plame, was a CIA agent.

When *Newsweek* discovered emails suggesting senior Bush adviser Karl Rove had discussed Plame with *Time* magazine reporter Matt Cooper, for example, Wilson hustled to the nearest available television camera—in this case one from NBC News—to say that, while he'd "never spoken to Karl Rove," the man was nonetheless guilty of a flagrant "abuse of power." What the "abuse of power" may be, Wilson didn't say, perhaps overwhelmed with emotion: "I'm really very saddened by all this."

So are we. We're saddened—though not really surprised—by the amazing ability of Democrats to forget that last summer the bipartisan Senate Select Committee on Intelligence thoroughly shredded Wilson's credibility.

Take New York senator Charles Schumer, for instance, who held a joint press conference with Wilson in the Capitol last Thursday. "This man has served his country," Schumer said. What's happened to him since, said Schumer, groping for a novel literary allusion, is downright "Kafkaesque." Whereupon a reporter pointed out that Wilson's credibility is seriously in doubt.

"I would urge you to go back and read the record," Wilson said.

A capital idea! What the record shows is that almost every public pronouncement of Joe Wilson's from the spring of 2003 forward is either an exaggeration or a falsehood or both. The essence of his tale was that he had selflessly gone to Niger and personally debunked reports that Iraq was trying to acquire uranium there to reconstitute its nuclear program. But his account didn't bear up under close scrutiny.

I. Wilson denied that his Feb. 2002 mission to Niger to investigate reports of an Iraqi uranium deal was suggested by his wife, who worked in the CIA's counterproliferation division. In fact, according to the bipartisan findings of the Senate Intelligence Committee, Wilson's wife "offered up his name" at a staff meeting, then wrote a memo to her division's deputy chief saying her husband was the best man for the job.

II. Wilson insisted both that he had debunked reports of Iraqi interest in Niger's uranium and that Vice President Cheney, whose interest in the subject reputedly prompted Wilson's trip, had to have been informed of this. The Intelligence Committee found otherwise when it questioned Wilson under oath:

> On at least two occasions [Wilson] admitted that he had no direct knowledge to support some of his claims. . . . For example, when asked how he "knew" that the Intelligence Community had rejected the possibility of a Niger-Iraq uranium deal, as he wrote in his book, [Wilson] told Committee staff that his assertion may have involved "a little literary flair."

III. In the spring of 2003, after a purported "memorandum of agreement" between Iraq and Niger was shown to be a forgery, Wilson began to tell reporters, on background, that he'd known the documents were forgeries all along. But the Senate Intelligence Committee found that the CIA (and Wilson) had been unaware of the documents until eight months after his trip. Moreover, it found that "no one believed" Wilson's trip "added a great deal of new information to the Iraq-Niger uranium story." It found that "for most analysts, the former ambassador's report lent more credibility, not less, to the reported Niger-Iraq uranium deal."

IV. Wilson's confidence that Cheney knew about his trip served as the basis for his accusation, passed along uncritically by the *New Republic*, that it "was a flat-out lie" for President Bush to have accused Saddam Hussein of trying to obtain uranium in Niger. He told *Meet the Press* interviewer Andrea Mitchell, "The office of the vice president, I am absolutely convinced, received a very specific response to the question it asked and that response was based upon my trip out there."

The Intel Committee's findings: "Because CIA analysts did not believe that [Wilson's] report added any new information to clarify the issue . . . CIA's briefer did not brief the Vice President on the report, despite the Vice President's previous questions about the issue."

As Senate Intelligence Committee chairman Sen. Pat Roberts concluded in the "Additional Views" section of his report: "The former ambassador, either by design or through ignorance, gave the American people and, for that matter, the world a version of events that was inaccurate, unsubstantiated, and misleading."

Meanwhile, a grand jury still sits in the inquiry into whether someone in the administration broke the law by leaking Plame's name. We hope the outcome doesn't hinge on the reliability of testimony from her husband. ♦

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There Was a There

Last Thursday, the Treasury Department added a London-based outfit called the Movement for Islamic Reform in Arabia to the U.S. government's official list of terrorist-associated organizations and individuals. MIRA is run by a certain Saad al-Faqih, who'd already earned his own, separate such designation last December, and whom Treasury now identifies as al Qaeda's principal representative in England since 2001.

Which would be a plenty interesting development all by itself, of course. But buried five paragraphs down into the Treasury news release about MIRA and al-Faqih we find this still more interesting tidbit:

> In 2003, MIRA and Faqih received approximately $1 million in funding through Abdurahman Alamoudi. According to information available to the U.S. Government, the September 2003 arrest of Alamoudi was a severe blow to al Qaeda, as Alamoudi had a close relationship with al Qaeda and had raised money for al Qaeda in the United States.

Mr. Alamoudi, SCRAPBOOK readers may remember, is currently serving a 23-year sentence for his participation in a Libyan assassination plot targeting Saudi Crown Prince Abdullah. And Alamoudi is also the man who, for nearly a decade, successfully gulled both the Clinton and Bush White Houses into accepting him as a spokesperson for moderate Islam and Arab-American civil rights.

In June 2003, when the *Wall Street Journal* asked whether people like Alamoudi might be exercising "undesirable influence" with the White House, Karl Rove snapped, "What's the evidence? There's no there there." Turns out what was actually there was al Qaeda. ♦

Prisoner of Conscience

Bad news. Niels-Aage Bjerre, the Danish pizzeria proprietor who first drew international attention in February 2003 for his refusal to serve French and German tourists—on account of how they're all "disloyal" and "anti-American"—is headed for the slammer. Again.

Bjerre's initial "no dogs, no French, no Germans" policy earned him a heap of trouble: His shop was vandalized; lost business cost him thousands; and he was prosecuted and jailed for violating Denmark's antidiscrimination laws.

But he remains proud—and undeterred. Last July, having hired on as a counter man at the Napoli Pizzeria in Klaksvik, Denmark, Bjerre was fired for waving off a group of German tourists. And that same incident was apparently at issue last Tuesday when yet another Danish court sentenced Bjerre to yet another eight-day term in the lock-up. He might have paid a $900 fine instead. But he refused—on principle.

"I'm doing it to show my sympathy with the United States," he told the Associated Press. "Eight days is a small price to pay when American soldiers go to Iraq and risk their limbs and lives."

Bjerre plans to hang an American flag and a photograph of President and Mrs. Bush in his cell. "I think that will brighten up the room." ♦

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Casual

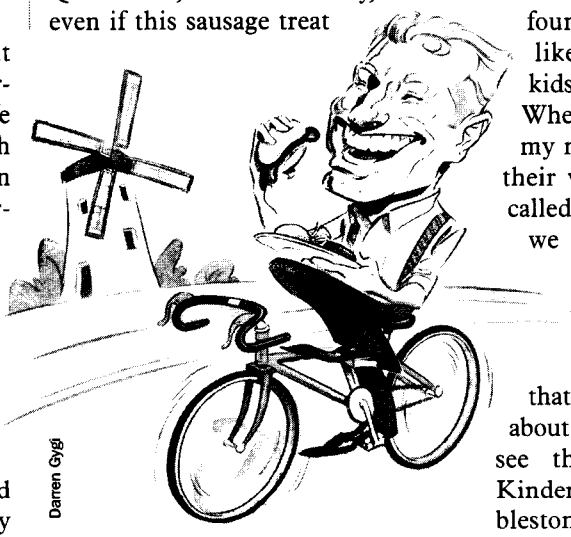
Dutch Treat

Years ago, a scientific study of the Eskimos of Greenland concluded that a diet rich in fish oils could help reduce the risk of heart disease. This, in turn, led to a surge in demand for fatty fish like wild salmon. It's a shame scientists haven't done a separate study on the people of the Netherlands. The findings would surely cause a sharp increase in the sales of fried food and bicycles. Allow me to explain.

My family and I recently spent four days in Holland (or the Netherlands, no one knows for sure). We were visiting my sister's new Dutch in-laws, who live in the bucolic town of Papendrecht, southeast of Rotterdam. They are a giant people, the Dutch; the tallest in the world, according to some. And they like to eat. When we first arrived at Amsterdam's Schiphol airport, our hosts took us to a café for some coffee (a "regular" packs the punch of a quadruple espresso) and a dainty-looking pastry called *saucijzenbroodje*. Underneath its flaky crust, lo and behold, was a butterflied piece of sausage. Just one *saucijzenbroodje* will give you that extra oomph needed for a long day's journey. I had two.

At a cookout later that day, we hunkered down for some fresh herring, pork shish kabobs, and the coup de grâce, the *frikadel*, or fried sausage. It goes excellently with a tangy *Zigeuner* sauce. (*Zigeuner* means "gypsy," although it is unclear if actual gypsies make the sauce.) The next day we took a trip to Rotterdam. We saw where the pilgrims embarked for Plymouth and stopped for some *patat* or fries. These had to be the best I've tasted, golden-crisp on the outside, tender-white on the inside. They came with a mayonnaise, which tasted kind of like a salad dressing. I told myself it was Weight Watchers' low-fat ranch as I doused my fries with it.

The next night my in-laws held a reception for our family. Dinner was served, buffet-style, and it included liverwurst, fresh meats and cheeses, something similar to onion rings, and another Dutch fave, the *kroket*. No surprise, this too was deep-fried and contained a sausage-paste filling. Quite *lekker*, as the Dutch say, even if this sausage treat would make the head spin on your average American nutritionist. Yet as I looked around the table, not one of my new Dutch relatives was overweight. Even 89-year-old Opa looked svelte as he sliced into his golden-brown *kroket*, savoring every bite of it.


Darren Gygi

Could it be that I had stumbled onto a nutritional breakthrough rivaling that of the Greenland Eskimos? Can a concentrated diet of *frikadels* and *krokets* help you lose weight and live longer? The answer is a qualified yes.

It's true the Dutch enjoy the good life—I haven't even gotten to the beers, such as Dommelsch and Heineken (their domestic version is far superior to the one they export here). But the Dutch also like to ride bikes and take long walks. So after careful analysis, I have concluded this to be the secret of the Dutch diet: a healthy mix of biking, walking, and fried sausages.

What other explanation is there? Sure, the Dutch like their dance clubs, but there's barely room to dance in them. I went to one in Rotterdam called Plan C, which must have stood for Cancer, considering all the cigarette smoke inside. A more interesting locale was Papendrecht's own bar/restaurant, *Tijdloos* (the name means "timeless"), with its larger-than-life cutouts of Michael Jackson, Bob Marley, and Ronald Reagan. Some of the music was techno, but a lot of it was old American Top 40, including Billy Joel and Bon Jovi. I found out there's nothing quite like a room packed with Dutch kids singing "Living on a Prayer." When *Tijdloos* shut down, some of my new Dutch friends took me to their version of a late-night diner, called the Samaria Shoarma, where we devoured warm pitas stuffed with fried lamb strips, slathered with garlic-yogurt sauce.

I hate to give the impression that my trip to Holland was mostly about eating. Okay, it was. But I did see the wondrous windmills of Kinderdijk and stroll down the cobblestone paths of Dordrecht, a town more than a thousand years old. As the Dutch are quick to point out, there is more to the Netherlands than just Amsterdam. (True enough, I didn't see a single addict shooting up or any hookers advertising their wares in store-front windows. So I'll have to go back.)

Before we departed, one of the Dutch grandmothers, now in her mid-80s and living proof of this country's unique health regimen, gave me a bag of *stroopwafel*—sugar waffles stuck together with chewy caramel. I'm guessing now I'll have to step up my own workout routine, for as my brother-in-law enthusiastically pointed out, "Those waffles are the good ones—they're made with real butter."

Victorino Matus

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Rare Rationality

Reuel Marc Gerecht's suggestion that President Bush enlist the help of congressional oversight ("What's the Matter with Gitmo?" July 4 / July 11) has great merit.

Unfortunately, ever since Operation Enduring Freedom was implemented, so many opportunists looking at reelection, or election to higher office, or who are just full of plain old nastiness, have engaged in shouting matches that block any and all attempts at fostering fruitful discussion. It appears that regardless of what is said on either side of the aisle, the opposite side will pounce upon them with angry and derisive public commentary. It will take one incredible diplomat, and they appear to be few and far between right now, to bring these sides together to develop some type of mechanism that could oversee the matter of dealing with "detainees."

Lately I have not seen a perspective such as Gerecht provides. America needs more of this kind of balanced, objective, and thoughtful discourse.

Steve Ralston
Coatesville, PA

Fateful Hope

Stephen Schwartz's excellent account of the feud between Hemingway and Dos Passos ("To Die in Madrid," July 4 / July 11) veered briefly into the breakdown lane when he wrote: "Malraux, a gaudy star of French culture, produced an overwrought novel about the [Spanish civil] war, *Man's Fate* . . ."

The characterization of Malraux could not be more apt, but *Man's Fate* is the English translation of *La Condition Humaine*, which was Malraux's tear-jerker about the sad fate of Shanghai Communists, betrayed by Stalin's Comintern into the hands of their erstwhile allies, the Kuomintang.

Perhaps Schwartz was thinking of *L'Espoir*, published in late 1937 and translated as *Man's Hope*, about which the less said the better.

John Van Laer
Scranton, PA

Beltway Bilge?

The favorable review by Judy Bachrach of the trashy novel *The Washingtonienne* ("She's Come Undone," July 4 / July 11) was disappointing. Jessica Cutler's book exhibits vulgarity, licentiousness, and

crude behavior of the worst sort. Only one with a cynical worldview would find "joy" in such a hopelessly jaded, murky work of fiction.

Why go along with the rest of our culture and exalt that which mars and parodies the ideal of the best that man was created to be and that tries to promote the idea that there is no such thing as a truly upright human being? Should we receive such caricatures with the same detached cynicism of Bachrach, who finds such material highly entertaining?

Most of us in the heartland do not hold such a hopeless, shameless worldview. We still teach our children by precept and example that nobility of thought, mind, and action still exists and can be attained through devotion to God, and then filtered down to our fellow men in deeds of kindness, justice, and mercy. Such noble ideas are what makes America worth defending.

Cynthia Scott Hutchinson
Lake Worth, FL

For the Birds

Regarding Robert Winkler's "Birds Gotta Sing" (June 13): An autistic woman, Temple Grandin, has written a fascinating book on animals and birds, *Animals in Translation*. In it, she writes that Mozart's compositions were "definitely influenced by birdsong," and she cites the example of his pet starling:

"In his notebooks he recorded a passage from the Piano Concerto in G Major as he had written it, and as his pet starling had revised it. The bird changed the sharps to flats. Mozart wrote, 'That was beautiful' next to the starling's version. When his starling died, Mozart sang hymns beside its grave and read a poem he had written for the bird."

Grandin proceeds to claim that this anecdote about Mozart suggests that early humans followed the example of birds when creating their music, which is an intriguing notion to consider.

Harold Theisen
Brooklyn, NY

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According to a National Poll* Taken June 26-27, 2005:

Americans say NO to:

- ✔ **No to Israel's withdrawal from Gaza, by 63%. This only rewards terrorism.**
- ✔ **No to $350 million in US aid to Palestinians, by 80%.**
- ✔ **No to Palestinian sovereignty over Jerusalem, by 63%. Israel should maintain sovereignty.**
- ✔ **No to believing the claim that a Palestinian state would want to live in peace with Israel, by 58%.**
- ✔ **No to negotiations with Hamas members even if elected, by 61%.**
- ✔ **No to trusting Saudi Arabia as an ally against terrorism, by 78%. But YES to economic sanctions against Saudi Arabia, by 58%.**

*McLaughlin and Associates poll of 1,000 Americans

Americans are smart. They understand that Israel faces daily acts of radical Islamic terrorism. By a margin of 3 to 1, they understand that the goal of a Palestinian state is not to live in peace with Israel, but to destroy Israel. By a margin of 2 to 1, they understand that Israel's withdrawal from Gaza and the forced removal of 10,000 Israelis from their homes and businesses clearly rewards terrorism. This major, one-sided concession is a bad idea, especially since the US is involved in an international war against radical Islamic terrorism.

Al Qaeda and other terrorist groups see concessions won by their counterparts who are killing Israelis. This sends them the message that continuing terrorism against America may well gain them concessions in the future. As Winston Churchill said: "Those who appease the crocodile will simply be eaten last."

Tell your members of congress how strongly Americans feels about these issues and about their opposition to appeasing terrorism.

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A Good Woman Isn't Hard to Find

Laura Bush appeared on NBC's *Today* show last Tuesday, speaking from a classroom in Cape Town, South Africa. She answered a couple of questions about the Supreme Court vacancy created by the resignation of Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, volunteering that she "would really like for [her husband] to name another woman." Asked later that day about his wife's comment, President Bush replied that he had "talked to her yesterday. And listen, I get her advice all the time. I didn't realize she put this advice in the press. She did? Well, good. We're definitely considering people from all walks of life."

So the president and Mrs. Bush talked on Monday. Then Mrs. Bush just happened to tell NBC, in the midst of the controversy about a possible selection of Attorney General Alberto Gonzales to the Court, that she hoped her husband would pick a woman. (She did leave him an out: "I know that my husband will pick somebody who has a lot of integrity and strength. And whether it's a woman or a man, of course, I have no idea.")

Just like that, the president and Mrs. Bush found a gentle way to tell the attorney general that he was not going to be appointed because he is not the suitable sex. Or so it appears. Now, while the president in principle should simply appoint the best candidate regardless of sex, race, height, looks, and all the rest, we are aware that politics affects the Supreme Court nomination process. So if the president wants to appoint a woman, that's fine. As long as she is a good woman. And in 2005, a good woman is not hard to find.

This wasn't really the case—at least with respect to potential Supreme Court nominees—in 1981. But during the last quarter century, more and more women have entered the legal profession, and the cause of constitutionalism has advanced in the law schools and the courts. These two trends together have resulted in almost an embarrassment of female riches. There are now plenty of women with impressive careers at the bar or in law schools or on the bench—and with sound jurisprudential views—for the president to consider. Forty years or more after Alexander Bickel and Robert Bork and Antonin Scalia and Walter Berns and Richard Epstein began teaching and writing, thirty years after neoconservatism provided a broader intellectual home for constitutionalism, more than twenty years after the founding of the Federalist Society, President Bush can reap the fruits of those efforts. He can make his wife happy, he can make constitutionalists happy, and he can do a good deed for the Court and the country with a sound Supreme Court pick in the next couple of weeks.

Last Thursday, senators Susan Collins and Olympia Snowe of Maine, along with Barbara Boxer of California and Mary Landrieu of Louisiana, sent a letter to Justice O'Connor urging her to reconsider her retirement, and suggesting that she accept a nomination for the allegedly about-to-be-open position of chief justice. But the senators are behind the times. They are captive to a reactionary feminism that may have been plausible when Justice O'Connor was appointed in 1981 from a very short list of possible female candidates for the Court. Today, if the president wanted to replace not just Justice O'Connor with a capable, proven constitutionalist who is a woman, but also Chief Justice Rehnquist (when he steps down) and for that matter Justice Stevens or Justice Ginsburg (when either steps down), he could do so.

For now, he just has to worry about the O'Connor vacancy. For that seat, President Bush would improve the Court by appointing any from a long list of well-qualified women. Among them are federal appellate judges like Edith Jones, Edith Brown Clement, and Priscilla Owen on the 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, Janice Rogers Brown on the D.C. Circuit, Karen Williams on the 4th Circuit, and Alice Batchelder on the 6th Circuit; distinguished law professors like Mary Ann Glendon, Learned Hand Professor of Law at Harvard, and Lillian R. BeVier, John S. Shannon Professor of Law at Virginia; and state court judges like the impressive Maura D. Corrigan, who served on the Michigan Court of Appeals from 1992 to 1998, and has been on the Michigan Supreme Court since then, including a stint as chief justice. And the list goes on.

So our advice to the president is: Consult extensively, don't listen to the suggestions of most of those you consult, pick a well-qualified female constitutionalist, win both the confirmation fight and the political debate, and begin to take back the Court.

—*William Kristol*

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A Souter They Should've Spurned

Whoever Bush names, the left will pitch a fit.

BY DAVID SKINNER

IT'S THE SUMMER of the second year of the Bush administration, trouble is brewing in Iraq and a seat has come open on the Supreme Court. I'm talking about 1990, of course. But the similarities are suggestive, and one lesson to be taken from that year is that a Republican president can nominate an actual liberal for the High Court and the left will still go nuts.

The National Organization for Women, People for the American Way, and the NAACP all screamed like cuckoo birds when President George H.W. Bush nominated David Souter, a little known New Hampshire state supreme court justice. But as we can easily see in retrospect, Souter was the ultimate "stealth candidate," his great attraction being that not even his backers knew what he really believed. Souter seemed to have practiced law almost in secret. This lack of a paper trail helped turn the discussion to his also nonexistent private life.

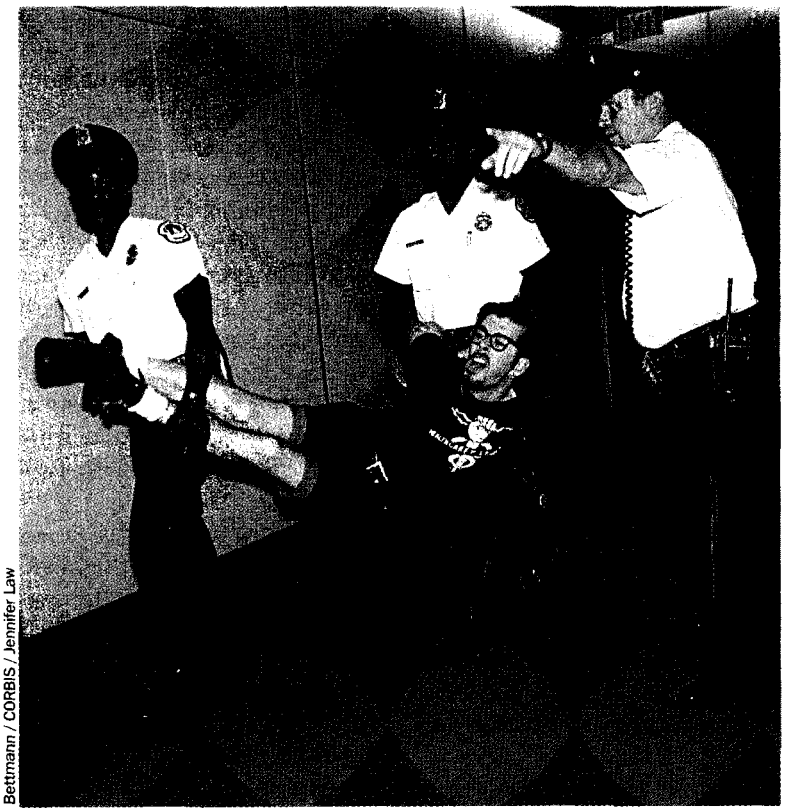
"This is a man who has never been married, never had children," noted one widely quoted observer, a prominent lawyer who, reported R.W. Apple Jr. in the *New York Times*, "asked not to be identified because he practices from time to time before the Court." The lawyer continued: "This is a man who has spent only a minimum of time in the public sector, who lives in a village of 2,000 people, almost all of whom are white, far from the crises of crime and drugs, in a state that is notorious for its social and political quirkiness. Is he really equipped to deal with great national questions?"

This statement was quoted and alluded to so often that Souter soon became pegged as the Curious Bachelor from New England. Harvard law professor Duncan Kennedy commented at the time: "It would be a delicious and amusing twist in the play between liberals and conservatives, if the liberals started proclaiming that only a married man with 2.3 children living in a suburb was qualified for office."

But the left did not stop there. Calling Souter "at best, very weird"—as NPR's Nina Totenberg did—was only the beginning. Feminists were particularly agitated. "Almost Neanderthal" is how Molly Yard, then-president of the National Organization for Women, described Souter, whose "constitutional views are based on the 'original intent' of the Framers 200 years ago, when blacks were slaves and women were property of their husbands." (So that's what strict constructionism means!) "David Souter would be the fifth vote" for outlawing abortion, said Eleanor Smeal of the Fund for the Feminist Majority. "We find him a devastating threat."

The rest of the liberal establishment was close behind. "What record Souter has compiled on constitutional questions is both sparse and disturbing," said Arthur Kropp, then-president of People for the American Way, whose current president Ralph Neas, then of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, questioned Souter's "commitment to constitutional guarantees of individual rights and liberties. . . ." The NAACP was "troubled," while the Alliance for Justice was scouring the courthouses of New Hampshire looking for dirt.

Of course, not all liberals were out to get Souter. The American Bar Asso-



Bettmann / CORBIS / Jennifer Law

Capitol police discuss orignal intent with a protester at Souter's confirmation hearings.

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ciation did give him its highest rating. But most were with the *New York Times* editorial page, which called the ABA's granting Souter a perfect rating "ludicrous."

One pro-choice observer, however, did correctly foresee that Souter posed no threat to legalized abortion. Her name was Marjorie Judith Vincent—aka Miss America 1991. According to a lighthearted *Washington Post* account of her coronation, Vincent "declared herself plainly on the side of a woman's right to choose an abortion, and said Justice Souter's record did not trouble her in that regard."

But the conventional wisdom was that Souter would, as William H. Freivogel put it in a *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* article, "provide the decisive fifth vote for a broad counterrevolution in constitutional law overturning decisions on abortion, affirmative action, and criminal procedure."

This assessment was, of course, wrong on every count. The Bushies may have indeed wanted a counterrevolutionary. Bush chief of staff John Sununu, the former governor of New Hampshire, promised Souter would "be a home run for conservatives." And as they were promoting Souter for the High Court, the administration was also, in a brief for *Rust* v. *Sullivan*, urging the Court to overturn a "wrongly decided" *Roe* v. *Wade*. But when *Roe* v. *Wade* was finally revisited, in *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey* in 1992, the stealth candidate finally deactivated his cloaking shield: Souter (with fellow Republican appointees Sandra Day O'Connor and Anthony Kennedy) wrote the lead decision for a 6-3 majority to uphold and broaden the abortion right.

On criminal procedure, civil liberties, and affirmative action, Souter turned out, as well, to be a stalwart liberal, a loyal servant to the groups that had mocked and despised him. The lesson is clear: Even if the current President Bush were to nominate another liberal, you probably would never know it from all the screaming going on. All the more reason, then, for him to name a serious, nonstealthy judicial conservative. ♦

The London Effect

7/7 inspires resolve in the British.

BY GERARD BAKER

WHILE LONDON POLICE were sifting through the wreckage of three subway trains and a bus on the evening of July 7, an agitated woman was calling the emergency hotline that had been arranged for people to report missing family members and friends.

The woman, from Leeds in the north of England, told the operator that her son, Hasib Hussain, 18, had left home the previous evening saying he was headed to London to visit friends. When she saw the TV news of the bombings that Thursday that killed more than 50 people, she became alarmed for her son's safety, and after repeatedly calling his cell phone without success, reported him missing to the hotline operator.

In London, police had been painstakingly examining the remnants of the explosion on the No. 30 bus that killed 13 people. They had already determined that the blast patterns on one set of clothes belonging to a dead passenger were consistent with the damage to body and clothing associated with suicide bombers. When Mrs. Hussain described to the hotline operator what her son had been wearing it was quickly relayed to the police at the bus murder scene. A little more forensic work concluded that the woman's son had indeed blown himself up along with a dozen innocent victims.

The revelation that 7/7 was the work of homegrown British suicide bombers came as a new blow last week to a British public in mourning for the victims of its worst act of terrorism.

Mrs. Hussain's own tragic ignorance of her son's involvement in the plot emphasized just how disturbingly embedded the terrorists had been in the everyday life of peaceable Britain—and, presumably, how many more may still be out there.

With last week's grim discovery, the war on terror, at least in Britain, began a completely new phase. This was not an external assault, the work of uncivilized foreigners from the mean streets of faraway Cairo or Damascus.

These were people most Brits have happily thought of as their countrymen, the sort you might see in the fish and chip shop, with a thick Yorkshire drawl or an east London cockney chirp, a friendly coworker or fellow student with a smile on his lips and jihad on his mind.

The news seems already to have profoundly altered the debate in Britain about the war on terror. Suddenly there is a new seriousness in much of the political discussion about the challenge the United Kingdom faces. For the last few years, since 9/11, and especially since the invasion of Iraq, Britain has been fighting a phony war, like the first eight months of World War II, one that some even doubted was a war at all.

The anti-American, antiwar crowd, of left and right, allied with the apologists for terror on the extreme left and in some sections of the Muslim community, had been insisting that the threat of terrorism was either all a fantasy of George W. Bush's and Tony Blair's evil minds or, if it did exist, an entirely justified response by angry Muslims to the "illegal" invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq.

But last week the phony war ended. Opinion polls showed a sudden leap in support for Tony Blair, giving

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A bomb disposal officer inspects a property near Leeds, July 14.

him his first net positive approval in more than two years. They showed large majorities in favor of keeping British troops in Iraq and, most strikingly, a jump in the number of Brits who believed their country should stay close to the United States in its foreign policy—now a clear majority—rather than striking out on its own or siding with the Europeans.

What the British people seem to grasp is that the real threat to their own lives now comes not from the British role in Afghanistan or Iraq or Israel's relations with the Palestinians, but from a global ideology, one held by fanatical Islamists in Kandahar, Falluja, Gaza, or Leeds, who will not be appeased by dialogue or changes in policy, who want nothing less than the overthrow of the basic values of British society.

In this the British people are as ever somewhat ahead of their intellectual leaders in the media. Last week I noted that the BBC had actually dropped its disinclination to use the word "terrorist" to describe the London bombers. Sad to relate, of course, within days that error had been corrected—and the broadcaster was back to calling them, in despicably neutral language, "bombers."

The mood in the House of Commons last week reflected the mood in the nation. Even Tony Blair's critics seemed captured by a new sobriety in the face of this threat and pledged their support for him as he sought to lead the country into this new era.

Blair's government will now urgently shift strategy to prevent the risk of even worse attacks than those of 7/7.

Abroad, in addition to redoubling efforts in Afghanistan and maintaining support for the United States in Iraq and in the broader fight against terrorism, Britain will work even more closely with the United States to prevent the spread of weapons of mass destruction.

Much more important, though, now, will be the task of undoing the damage to British domestic security from years of overindulgent policies that have done nothing less than cultivate the fanatical ideology of terrorism in Britain's own cities.

First to go will be the absurdly tolerant approach to Muslim clerics who preach jihad across the country.

For years these clerics have been free to corrupt the minds of young Muslims. The London bombers lived in Leeds, and if you poke around on the website of the Leeds Grand Mosque (*www.leedsgrandmosque.org.uk*) long enough to get past the window dressing, you can have a little taste of what they have been fed by their religious leaders, such as this tidbit from a March 2004 sermon: "Take up positions in the Jihad, don't give in to sleep, and don't give in to failure and disgrace."

That kind of incitement will no longer be tolerated. Nor will the remarkable practice of giving clerics who have already been banned from the United States free rein to preach in London and across the United Kingdom.

Expect the British parliament to agree quickly to domestic security measures that will go way beyond the Patriot Act in the United States. There will be stepped-up intelligence activity and scrutiny of Islamic charities and even schools.

By far the biggest challenge the government will now face in this new phase of the war on terror will be to redress the damage done by years of a policy of politically correct multiculturalism that has allowed alternative subcultures to grow like tumors in British society.

In places like Leeds, Muslims have lived for years in largely closed neighborhoods, where the writ of English law hardly runs at all. Ironically, instead of self-sufficient, successful Muslim communities, these places have become economically stagnant breeding grounds for a culture of alienation—with young Muslims especially nursing supposed grievances against everything about the society and the nation that has nurtured them.

To beat this fundamental weakness, the United Kingdom will need the active support of decent Muslim leaders who will urge the abandonment of the culture of victimhood hospitable to the mindset of the suicide bomber.

It has been widely said that the crisis in the transatlantic relationship in the last few years has come from differing perceptions of threats from Islamic terrorism in the United States and Europe. The United States, after 9/11, saw the danger for what it was; the Europeans, including the British, not having had their own 9/11, were moved less.

That now looks like a seriously flawed judgment. The threat to Europe, and to Britain especially, is even greater than the threat to the United States, whose resident Muslims are better integrated and make up a smaller share of the population. This week the British began to understand how high the stakes really are. ♦

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The Brain Drain That Wasn't

Foreign students still flock to American universities. BY ROBERT SATLOFF

IS THERE a foreign-student crisis in American higher education? Last November, the Institute of International Education reported "the first absolute decline in foreign enrollments" at American colleges and universities in more than three decades. Overnight, the 2.4 percent one-year drop in foreign students became a national *cause célèbre* and America's tougher, post-9/11 visa requirements were cast as public enemy number one.

"Security restrictions lead foreign students to snub U.S. universities," ran a headline in the influential scientific journal *Nature*. "The facts are plain," declared a *Newsweek* columnist. "U.S. visa procedures have become far too cumbersome and bureaucrats are turning down far more applicants than ever before." The result, he wrote, is a "dramatic decline of foreign students in the U.S." From faraway, foreign observers reveled in their good fortune. "Visa crackdown costs US cream of foreign students," chortled the London *Times*.

The facts, however, were anything but plain. New data supplied by the State Department combined with a close look at the IIE report suggest that the situation is not nearly as dire as some contend. Disturbing anecdotes aside, evidence pointing to a dramatic decline in foreign students—or even a correlation between post-9/11 visa restrictions and last year's decrease—is remarkably thin.

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While most commentators focus on last year's decline as proof of a systemic problem, a different story emerges when the most recent data are viewed against a pre-9/11 baseline. If post-9/11 visa restrictions were such an impediment, it stands to reason that the high point of foreign student enrollment should have been the last full academic year before the al Qaeda attacks, 2000-2001. But it wasn't—not by a long shot.

After the oil price hikes of the 1970s, Gulf students flocked to America in droves, paying tuition with newfound petro-dollars. At one time, Saudi enrollment in U.S. colleges was up to 30,000.

In fact, there were 4.5 percent *more* foreign students enrolled in the United States last year than there were before 9/11. Increases over that period were registered in almost every region of the world, from Latin America (9.5 percent) to South and Central Asia (20 percent) to Central Africa (25 percent). Of the six countries that send the most students to the United States, four showed moderate to strong increases, led by India's whopping 46 percent rise. The two that registered declines were Japan (12 percent) and Taiwan (8 percent)—not countries whose citizens are usually associated with visa difficulties.

Most stunning was the fact that the region of the world with the greatest percentage increase since before 9/11 was largely Arab North Africa, which showed a 35 percent rise. Leading the pack was French- and Arabic-speaking Morocco, which had a phenomenal 126 percent jump (from 1,917 to 4,341). Indeed, among countries that send more than 1,000 students to the United States, Morocco had the highest percentage increase in the world.

Of the regions that suffered declines over this period, the most significant drop (19 percent) was, surprisingly, not the Middle East; it was southern Africa. By contrast, the Middle East had a 14 percent decrease, followed by Southeast Asia (12 percent) and Europe (8 percent).

Even a close look at the numbers for Middle Easterners reveals a much more complex story than one might have imagined. Of the sixteen countries that IIE includes in the region, five actually showed increases from before 9/11—Lebanon, the Palestinian Authority, Israel, Iran, and Turkey. And when one merges the Middle East and North Africa, putting all Arab countries under a single heading, that expanded region suffered only a 7.6 percent drop from pre-9/11 levels.

Among Muslim countries more generally, some certainly had steep drops, but no single thread ties them together. On the one hand, numbers from the United Arab Emirates did fall by half and from Saudi Arabia by a third; on the other hand, countries like Pakistan and Senegal showed increases. The 60 percent rise from African superpower Nigeria, a country with a huge Muslim population, was especially heartening.

With a longer time frame, fluctuations in foreign student enrollment are even starker. After the oil price

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hikes of the 1970s, Gulf students flocked to America in droves, paying tuition with newfound petro-dollars. At one time, Saudi enrollment in U.S. colleges was up to 30,000; prior to the Khomeini revolution, there were more than 50,000 Iranian students here. The combination of political tensions and the long-term decline in real oil prices convinced these countries to invest in local higher education, so fewer of their students would go abroad. The result was that by the time 9/11 occurred, there were only about 5,300 Saudis and just 1,800 Iranians at American universities. In place of these Gulf countries, the Asian tigers had become the major players in the foreign student pool. A decade or two from now, this, too, may change.

As for the charge that State Department officials are rejecting more student visa applications now than ever before, the evidence suggests otherwise.

According to information provided by State's Bureau of Consular Affairs, refusal rates—including for students—are essentially unchanged since before September 11. Moreover, the bureau also reports that the absolute number of student visas issued is actually on the rise. This trend applies across the globe, from major foreign-student exporters China and South Korea to the politically sensitive Middle East. In fact, four-fifths of all Middle East countries saw an increase in the number of students issued visas in fiscal year 2004 over the previous year.

Last year's blip in foreign student enrollment attracted headlines, but it obscured the real success story of post-9/11 American higher education. What should have been news is the fact that foreign students came to the United States in ever larger numbers after the 9/11 attacks and that the vast majority still brave the campaign of rumor and exaggeration to take advantage of the opportunities of American colleges and universities today. That's the real story —or, in this case, the nonstory. ♦

Mehlman Delivers

The RNC chairman takes his message to the exurbs. BY FRED BARNES

Waukee, Iowa

KEN MEHLMAN WAS IN HEAVEN. And heaven for the Republican national chairman was Dallas County outside Des Moines. Mostly an exurb, it lies miles from downtown Des Moines and is dotted with new homes and housing developments still under construction. Locals brag it's the 10th-fastest growing county in America. It's also Bush country. President Bush won the county in 2000 but lost Iowa. But in 2004, he more than doubled his margin of victory in Dallas County and won Iowa.

Mehlman, naturally, emphasizes fast-growing exurbs. "This is where you find the new conservatives and the new Republicans," Mehlman says. After taking over the Republican National Committee in January, he delivered Lincoln Day dinner speeches in several exurbs: Douglas County outside Denver, Lee County in southwest Florida, Pottawatamie County in Iowa across the Missouri River from Omaha. And last week Mehlman came to Waukee, a boomtown in Dallas County, for a party fundraiser. He was greeted like a rock star.

He isn't one. Mehlman, 38, is neither flamboyant nor brash. He wears bland suits. He is anything but excitable. And he is unusually task-oriented. He travels constantly, and his trips are not junkets. In Iowa, before getting to Dallas County, he met separately with social conservatives interested chiefly in the president's judicial nominations, Republican legislators, and with state party officials. He did two TV interviews and two radio interviews. And he chatted with two Des Moines political reporters, both of whom he knows from past Bush campaigns in Iowa.

Besides winning elections, Mehlman has two overriding goals and a pet project. One goal is to transform the Republican party into a powerful grassroots force for enacting the president's agenda in Washington. The party already has an email network of 15 million people and a list of 1.5 million volunteers. A second goal is related: Tie the national party more closely to Republicans in the states. And he is waging a personal crusade to recruit more blacks and Hispanics to run for office as Republicans. In Iowa, he spent time on all three missions.

As Republican chairman, Mehlman has emerged as a major public figure. He stepped forward last week, for instance, as the party's leading defender of White House official Karl Rove, accused by Democrats of leaking classified information. Of course, Rove is more than a Republican ally and a friend to Mehlman. Since they met in 1997, Rove has been Mehlman's patron, aiding his rise from the Bush campaign's Midwest coordinator in the 2000 primaries, to national field director in the general election, to White House political director in Bush's first term, to 2004 campaign manager, and finally to RNC head.

Conservatives who worry Mehlman isn't one of them need not be concerned. Mehlman grew up outside Baltimore. His father was a supporter of Ronald Reagan and "Reagan is how I became involved in politics," he says. He went to Franklin and Marshall College and Harvard Law School, where he joined the Federalist Society. He worked in private law practice until joining the staff of Republican representative Lamar

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Smith of Texas in 1994. He became chief of staff to another Texas House member, Kay Granger, in 1997. Rove was her political consultant and thus the Rove-Mehlman alliance began. "I'm a Texan by employment," Mehlman says.

In temperament and style, Mehlman is unlike Rove and even more unlike Democratic national chairman Howard Dean. Rove is sometimes brisk and has ten ideas on his mind at any given time. Mehlman is intense and focused. Dean's idea of outreach is to insult Republicans and question their motives. Mehlman criticizes Democratic leaders but not rank-and-file Democrats. When he meets a Democrat, Mehlman says, he tries to find out what they have in common and see if they can work together. "Politics ought to be about addition, not division," he says. A Republican official said Mehlman follows the Coke approach and Dean doesn't: "Coca Cola doesn't attract people by saying Pepsi drinkers are intolerant and have never worked a day in their lives." In short, Dean is abrasive. Mehlman isn't.

And Mehlman, a political operative with a taste for policy issues, makes more sense as a party leader than Dean. Mehlman is committed to expanding the Republican party and has, seemingly, no personal agenda. As a former elected official with a bulging ego, Dean is bound to be distracted by thoughts about the next office he'll run for. Dean craves the applause of crowds. Mehlman, from all appearances, doesn't.

Mehlman's most innovative theory is that a party can be turned into a force for lobbying Washington. This grew out of his 2004 experience as the Great Implementer. Mehlman had the job of carrying out Rove's plan of signing up hundreds of thousands of volunteers to register voters and get them to the polls. Democrats let "independent" groups like the lavishly funded Americans Coming Together hire paid workers to take on this task. As effective as the Democratic operation was, the Mehlman team was better.

Andrew Card, Mehlman, Karl Rove

AFP / Paul J. Richards

But now comes the hard part: influencing Washington. So far, there's no evidence that Republican activists from outside Washington have improved the chances of success for the president's plan to reform Social Security or any other initiative. Mehlman, however, is a believer in gradual change in politics, not sudden breakthroughs. "One of the most powerful things in politics is when an incremental change becomes durable," he says. Some changes already have become all but permanent—a bigger Republican voter turnout, the migration of Hispanics to the Republican party—according to Mehlman.

Another Mehlman theory is that African Americans are ripe targets today for Republican proselytizing. "Three factors are different today," he says. One, Bush's ownership agenda is appealing to African Americans. "We're the progressives now," he says. Two, there's a "cultural disconnect" between African Americans and Democratic leaders. And, three, Democrats take African Americans for granted. But, again, Mehlman doesn't expect instant gains. "That's not how it works," he says. "I'm more realistic about what's required than people have been in the past." He favors "inclusion, not outreach. Outreach is what you do four weeks before the election. Inclusion is what you do four years before the election."

The inclusion strategy replaces the old practice of relying on African-American consultants. It stresses support for African-American candidates. Mehlman encourages this at all levels of politics. He recently spoke at a fundraiser for a Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, city councilman, Otto Banks, who switched parties to become a Republican. In Iowa, he attended a fundraiser at the home of Isaiah McGee in Waukee. A school teacher, McGee is running for city council. "We're honored you are running for this office," Mehlman told him. "Run hard and keep running."

McGee was featured on the program at the fundraiser for Dallas County Republicans at Waukee High School. But Mehlman was the star. Republicans lined up to have their picture taken with him. His speech, largely praise of President Bush, was enthusiastically received. Most thrilling for Mehlman was what Dallas County Republicans said. "Dallas County is the fastest-growing county in the state," one said. "Many of the people moving here are Republicans, whether they know it or not yet." Mitch Hambleton, the county Republican chairman, topped that claim. As the votes were being counted last November at the county office building, he said he overheard a Democratic official mutter, "We'll never elect a Democrat in this county again." Mehlman applauded, looking like he couldn't be happier. ♦

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Losing Strategy

Al Qaeda has cleverly united the world against itself. BY DANIEL C. TWINING

London

IN ATTACKING LONDON on July 7, al Qaeda once again demonstrated its global reach. The attacks, carried out by a handful of British-born suicide bombers inspired by al Qaeda, overshadowed the presence in Gleneagles, Scotland, of the world's most powerful leaders at an expanded Group of Eight summit. Among this elite group, the United States, Britain, Russia, and India have suffered al Qaeda-inspired attacks on their soil in the past four years. Other G-8 countries, including Canada, France, Germany, and Italy, have disrupted terrorist cells operating on their territory. And that's not to mention the many other victims of al Qaeda violence: Spain, Turkey, Indonesia, Thailand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Jordan, Israel, Afghanistan, Iraq, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Morocco, and Kenya. Global terrorism is recasting international politics—but not necessarily to the advantage of the terrorists.

True, the globalization of Islamist terror demonstrates that an important source of power in international affairs—the ability to seize the geopolitical initiative—lies with today's transnational jihadists as much as with the strong states that traditionally order the international system. Further terrorist attacks could encourage vulnerable states to make a separate peace with al Qaeda, as did Spain after the 2004 Madrid bombings. But al Qaeda's string of attacks do not reflect a brilliant grand strategy of dividing the West. To the contrary, Osama bin Laden's historic accomplishment has been to unite most of the world against his cause; to deprive his movement of a national base; and to demonstrate the impotence of violent Islamist extremism in the face of popular aspirations to democratic modernity.

Since September 2001, al Qaeda has accomplished an extraordinary feat. Rather than dividing and weakening its declared enemies, it has spurred the formation of a global alliance dedicated to its defeat that would have been unimaginable four years ago. Few other challenges could bring together the United States, the states of Europe, Japan, Russia, and China in a grand coalition as strange as the World War II alliance of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin—but al Qaeda has done so, at significant cost to its own cause.

The effect of the London bombings on the G-8 summit demonstrates the shortsightedness of the terrorists' strategy. Before the attacks, observers were gleefully anticipating a summit rife with discord—on global warming, aid to Africa, the future of Europe, and Iraq. The London attack instead united the world's most powerful leaders as nothing else could. The attacks militarized a gathering previously dedicated to a soft agenda of Third World development and protecting the environment. Terrorists, not hydrocarbon emissions, were back in the crosshairs of the world's most powerful leaders.

Al Qaeda's rise has produced the kind of great power entente not seen since the Concert of Europe took shape in 1815 to sustain the post-Napoleonic international order. Today, thanks to bin Laden and his acolytes, the world is witnessing an international concert of power that includes America's natural allies in Europe and Japan as well as natural adversaries in Russia and China, and an array of unlikely new allies, from Pakistan to Uzbekistan.

There are drawbacks to this common sense of strategic purpose. China is exploiting America's strategic preoccupation to expand its influence in Asia, and Russia is reconstituting its internal political order along lines of czarist autocracy. At the same time, the threat from al Qaeda is constraining states like China and Russia from challenging Washington directly. It has overlaid an artificial structure of cooperation on an underlying logic of competition. In doing so, it has had the perverse effect, for the terrorists, of reinforcing America's hegemony.

Membership in this global concert includes regional adversaries—Israel and Egypt, India and Pakistan, China and Japan. It includes the very Arab autocracies the West is pressuring to reform, and emerging democracies in Afghanistan and Iraq. It encompasses regional powers like Brazil, South Africa, and Thailand. It also includes the world's largest Muslim state, Indonesia; Europe's largest Muslim state, Turkey; and India, with more Muslim citizens than any state in the Middle East—all democracies whose leaders represent far more Muslims than bin Laden and whose publics, polls show, overwhelmingly reject his vision of a violent, hateful Islam.

Al Qaeda has more state adversaries than nearly any force in history. That is a strategic failure of the first order.

Since 2001, al Qaeda has inspired a hard core of supporters within Muslim communities in the Middle East, Southeast Asia, Europe, and North America. But this strategic gain has been balanced by the loss of a national base for its leaders, its training camps, and its cadres. Moreover, the terrorist threat has focused the world's attention on the Middle

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East's political renewal. Just as the Anglo-American response to September 11 deprived al Qaeda of its base in Afghanistan, so London should make it harder for terrorists and their public advocates to operate with impunity within Europe.

As a result of its own actions, al Qaeda lost Afghanistan as a base, the Taliban as a sponsor, and the Afghan people as any sort of ally—as demonstrated by the decisive result of the 2004 Afghan elections in favor of a democratic future guided by a vision of a peaceful, tolerant Islam. Al Qaeda has lost Saddam Hussein as a potential patron. It does not have the support of most Iraqis—a majority of whom have voted for leaders who oppose the insurgency. Moreover, it was only as a result of September 11 that democratization in the greater Middle East assumed its unprecedented urgency.

A new Pew poll shows that, within Muslim countries, "confidence in Osama bin Laden has declined markedly," support for suicide bombings has dropped dramatically, and four in five citizens of every country surveyed believe that "democracy can work in their country." Al Qaeda's war to Islamize the Middle East may ultimately result in the region's political transformation along lines favored not in bin Laden's caves but in Western capitals.

These strategic setbacks for al Qaeda should be reinforced by the tightening of domestic and regional counterterrorism controls in Europe following the London attacks. This would make it harder for the network to solicit funds, recruits, and allies within Europe. Britain, like other European nations, has been too relaxed for too long about known jihadist sympathizers and inciters of religious hatred operating in its cities. But there is every indication that the London bombs will inspire more aggressive counterterrorism policing and greater strategic unity against threats within Europe, making the region a harder place to preach violence, a harder target, and a more hostile environment for terrorist operations. If so, 7/7 will have set back al Qaeda's ability to exploit and grow its network behind enemy lines.

"We will not be terrorized," said Tony Blair on the day of the London bombings. Free peoples will no doubt again suffer terrorist attack. But the choice of how democratic societies respond to terror is their own. The British people, including most of its Muslims, have not chosen to respond to the attacks of 7/7 as their enemies may have hoped.

Indeed, despite their global reach, al Qaeda's attacks, from New York to London, have consistently produced unintended consequences for the network's leaders. They have spurred the formation of the largest global coalition ever assembled to face down a shared enemy. They have inspired new levels of national unity and resolve in targeted countries. They have precipitated democratic openings in the greater Middle East, including in countries like Afghanistan that once served as the terrorists' territorial base. These are all strategic setbacks.

In Britain, the slogan that has come to symbolize the spirit of London—"We are not afraid"—reflects a national mood of quiet, self-assured defiance that is in keeping with Britain's traditional response to adversity. The British Empire enjoyed extraordinary strategic success in part because it never allowed a military victory by its adversaries, from Khartoum to the Hindu Kush, to go unpunished. Every European tyrant who has taken on England has lost. The fate of Britain's current adversaries, who possess no armies and control no continents, should be no different.

The British are not afraid. Given their self-induced strategy of defeat, and the collective power of the nations determined to destroy them, the terrorists should be. ♦

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Jihad Made in Europe

There may be more to fear from a mosque in Leeds than a madrassa in the Middle East.

By Reuel Marc Gerecht

The July suicide bombings in London—some or all of whose perpetrators were Muslims born and reared in Britain—are likely to produce in the United Kingdom the same intellectual reflection on Muslim identity in Europe that is already underway in nearby countries. The French began this reflection in earnest ten years ago, after bomb-happy, lycée-educated, French-born Islamic holy warriors terrorized France. The Spanish began it after their own train bombings in March 2004, and the Dutch after the brutal slaying of the film director Theo van Gogh by a Muslim militant in November 2004. Quite likely the British will reach the same conclusion the French already have, to wit: Islamic terrorism on European soil has its roots in the Middle East. "British Islam"—the behavior and spiritual practice of Muslims in the United Kingdom—it will be said, is by and large a progressive force standing against pernicious and retrograde ideas emanating from the Middle East. There are big problems of acculturation at home in mother England, all will confess, but the holy-warrior mentality is imported.

This view, however, may turn out to be dead wrong. What was once unquestionably an import has gone native, mutated, and grown. Some of what the Europeans are now confronting—and for the United States this is *very* bad news—is probably a locally generated Islamic militancy that is as retrograde and virulent as anything encountered in the Middle East. "European Islam" appears to be an increasingly radicalizing force intellectually and in practice. The much-anticipated Muslim moderates of Europe—the folks French scholar Gilles Kepel believes will produce "extraordinary progress in civilization," a new "Andalusia" (the classical Arabic word for Moorish Spain) that will save us from Osama bin Laden's jihad—have so far not developed with the same gusto as the Muslim activists who have dominated too many mosques in "Londonistan" and elsewhere in Europe. Moderates surely represent the overwhelming majority of Muslims in Europe, but like their post-Christian European counterparts, they usually express their moderation in detachment from religious affairs.

Though Europeans often fail to see it, the secularization of the Muslims living in their midst has been, by and large, a great success. It explains why Muslim activists gain so much attention, be they arch-conservatives, like the devotees of the Tabligh movement in Britain and on the continent who espouse segregation in Europe, or "progressives," like the Switzerland-based intellectual Tariq Ramadan, who refuses forthrightly to declare the Muslim Holy Law null and void as a political testament for Muslims in a European democracy. The moderates have abandoned the field. They have become European. The militants, who perhaps should be seen as deviants from a largely successful process of secularization, are the only ones left ardently praying.

For organizations like al Qaeda, this may mean that the future will be decisively European. From its earliest days, al Qaeda viewed Europe as an important launching platform for attacks against the United States and its interests. Now, Western counterterrorist forces, which have traditionally tried to track Middle Eastern missionaries in Europe, would be well advised to start searching for radical European Muslim missionaries in the Middle East and elsewhere. Some Europeans—and they are mostly French—have seen the future. Always ahead of his time, the French scholar Olivier Roy has written:

> When we consider the [Islamic] movements that embrace violence, we can see that they are not expressions of an outburst in the West of the [Israeli-Palestinian] conflict in the Middle East. Most of the young Muslims radicalize in the West: They are "born-again Muslims." It's here that they are Islamicized. Almost all separate from their families and many have marriages with non-Muslims. Their dispute with the world isn't imported from the Middle East: It is truly modern, aimed against American imperialism, capital-

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ism, etc. In other words, they occupy the same space that the proletarian left had thirty years ago, that Action Directe had twenty years ago. . . . They exist in a militant reality abandoned by the extreme left, where the young live only to destroy the system. . . . [This radicalization] isn't at all the consequence of a "clash of civilizations," that is to say, the importation of intellectual frameworks coming from the Middle East. This militant evolution is happening, *in situ*, on our territory. It partakes henceforth of the internal history of the West.

Roy may overstate the autonomy of Islamic radicalism in Europe from the militancy in the Middle East; he surely diminishes too much the religious ingredient in the emerging radical Muslim European identity. But my own visits to numerous radical mosques in Western Europe since 9/11 suggest that he is more right than wrong about the Europeanization of Islamic militancy. The Saudis may pay for the mosques and the visiting Saudi and Jordanian imams, but the believers are often having very European conversations in European languages. In France, Belgium, or Holland, sitting with young male believers can feel like a time-warp, a return to the European left of the 1970s and early 1980s. Europe's radical-mosque practitioners can appear, mutatis mutandis, like a Muslim version of the hard-core intellectuals and laborers behind the aggrieved but proud Scottish National party in its salad days. These young men are often Sunni versions of the Iranian radicals who gathered around the jumbled, deeply contradictory, religious left-wing ideas of Ali Shariati, one of the intellectual fathers of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's "red-mullah" revolution of 1979, and the French-educated ex-Communist Jalal Al-e Ahmad, who became in the 1960s perhaps the most famous theoretician of Muslim alienation in the Western world.

The Shiite parallel is also pertinent since it elucidates the motives of Sunni believers who see murder as a martyr's expression of devotion to God. The thousands of Iranians who gleefully went to their deaths in suicidal missions against the Iraqis in the 1980-88 Iran-Iraq war did so in part, as the Franco-Iranian scholar Farhad Khosrakhavar has written, because the "liberty to die as a martyr served to maintain the phantasm of revolutionary possibilities." Death is both the ultimate expression of a very Western idea of individual freedom and self-creation and a very Islamic conception of self-abnegation before God's will. Talk to young radical Muslims in Europe—young men who in all probability have no desire whatsoever to kill themselves or others for any cause—and you can often nevertheless find an appreciation of the idea of martyrdom almost identical to the Iranian death-wish of yesteryear. In the last three centuries, Europe has given birth and nourishment to most of mankind's most radical causes. It shouldn't be that surprising to imagine that Europe could nurture Islamic militancy on its own soil.

In Europe as elsewhere, Westernization is the key to the growth and virulence of hard-core Islamic radicalism. The most frightening, certainly the most effective, adherents of bin Ladenism are those who are culturally and intellectually most like us. The process of Westernization liberates a Muslim from the customary sanctions and loyalties that normally corralled the dark side of the human soul. Respect for one's father, an appreciation for the human need to have fun, a toleration of eccentricity and naughty personal behavior, the love of art and folk music—all are characteristics of traditional mainstream Muslim society wiped away by the arrival of modernity and the simultaneous spread of sterile, esthetically empty, angry, Saudi-financed Wahhabi thought. In this sense, bin Ladenism is the Muslim equivalent of Western totalitarianism. This cleaning of the slate, this break with the past, is probably more profound in the Muslim enclaves in Europe—what Gilles Kepel called *les banlieues de l'Islam*—than it is in the urban sprawl of Cairo, where traditional mores, though under siege and badly battered by modernity, nevertheless retain considerable force. Cairo gave us Ayman al-Zawahiri, al Qaeda's great intellectual; it's not unreasonable to fear that London or Paris or Berlin will give us his successor.

This view understandably receives a poor reception in Europe. Most intellectuals and politicians would prefer to see Islamic terrorism in Europe as a by-product of accumulated foreign grievances. There are the aftershocks of the second Algerian civil war—the *guerre à outrance* that started in 1991 between the Islamists and the election-aborting military regime—and especially the Israeli-Palestinian confrontation, which most in the European intelligentsia have viewed as *the* spur to Islamic radicalism and the cause of the bad blood between the Arabs and the West. The American war against Saddam Hussein in 1990-91 exacerbated the division between Islamic militants in Europe, who for the most part opposed an infidel "invasion" of Iraq, and European governments, which (often tepidly) backed the American-led ejection of Saddam from Kuwait. This view reappeared in Western Europe with the Second Gulf war against Saddam in 2003. European domestic peace was thus increasingly held hostage by American foreign policy, especially America's wars and its unwillingness to force Israel to make concessions to the Palestinians. Talk to European counterterrorist officials and they go apoplectic enumerating the ways America, notably the Bush administration, has made their work more difficult.

Although some of the reasons put forth by Europeans to explain their Muslim problems are undoubtedly valid, a wise U.S. counterterrorist policy would downplay the exter-

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AFP / Adrian Dennis

Followers of Sheikh Abu Hamza al-Masri (opposite) pray outside the Finsbury Park mosque in north London, which had been closed by police.

nal causes of Islamic activism in Europe. We should prepare for the worst-case scenario and assume that European society itself will continue to generate the most lethal holy warriors. In doing so, American officials should be skeptical of their own ability to identify through profiling which Muslim Europeans might engage in terrorism against the United States. Stamps in passports indicating travel to Middle Eastern countries can't tell you much, since holy-warrior pilgrimages are not required to fortify jihadist spirits and networks. Living in London, Leeds, or Manchester can be more than enough.

This means, of course, that the Bush administration ought to preempt fate and suspend the visa-waiver program established in 1986 for Western Europeans. It is true that consular officers were a poor frontline defense before 9/11 against Muslim extremists trying to enter the United States. But the United States would be safer with some screening mechanism, however imperfect, before Europeans arrive at our borders. The transatlantic crowd in Washington—the bedrock of America's foreign-policy establishment—might rise in high dudgeon at the damage this could do to U.S.-European relations. The State Department's European and consular-affairs bureaus might add that they no longer have the staff to handle the enormous number of applicants. Ignore them. American-European relations were just fine when we required all Europeans to obtain visas before crossing our borders. Consular officers *are* among the most overworked personnel in the U.S. government. So draft poorly utilized personnel from the Department of Homeland Security until the consular corps at the State Department can grow sufficiently. Issuing visas to Europeans would be an annoying inconvenience for all; it would not, however, be an insult. Given the damage one small cell of suicidally inclined radical Muslim Europeans could do in the New York City or Washington metro or on Amtrak's wide-open trains, it's not too much to ask.

There *is* good news from Europe, however. By now, Great Britain and the United States should have been struck repeatedly by cells of Europeanized Muslims. The training and education required for such attacks is minimal. It is difficult not to conclude that we have avoided this calamity because al Qaeda and its allied extremist groups have so far been somewhat lame in recruiting militants in Europe, even though the pool of possible recruits, given the enormous social and economic problems within its Muslim communities, ought to be fairly large. One catastrophic hit (the London attacks don't qualify) is certainly enough to skewer our entire perspective on what constitutes successful recruitment operations. Nevertheless it is astonishing how poorly al Qaeda and its friends have done in Europe. We have the war in Iraq, which according to most terrorist experts, Republican realists, Democratic senators, and just about every European expert on Islam has been a boon to jihadist recruitment worldwide. We also have the supposed boon to the Islamists from our ignominy at Abu Ghraib and Guantanamo, plus the very evident friendship between President Bush and the villain of all villains, Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon. And yet the attack on London's transportation system is the best that the holy warriors can do to punish the Anglo-American infidels for their sins in

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Afghanistan, Iraq, and elsewhere?

And what isn't happening in Europe isn't happening either in Iraq. If the Bush administration weren't so rhetorically maladroit, it might point out that the Islamist holy war against us in Iraq is going rather poorly. Jihadist suicide bombers have inflicted significant losses upon us and especially upon the Iraqi people, but again what is striking about the Iraq campaign, as about jihadist recruitment efforts in Western Europe, is how *few* holy warriors have come calling. Historically, Afghanistan was a sideshow, while Mesopotamia is at the center of both Arab and Muslim history. In the fundamentalist imagination, the former Soviet Union was a distinctly smaller devil than insidious America, which has been central to Islamist ideology since the collapse of Britain as a world power. Diehard "Arab Afghans" in the Soviet-Afghan war could regularly complain about how weak support was for the mujahedeen in Muslim, and especially Arab, lands.

Reuters / CORBIS / Ian Waldie

London cleric Abu Hamza al-Masri, who will be tried next year for soliciting the murder of non-Muslims.

Yet if one compares the number of Muslim volunteers who went to fight the Soviets (and let us assume that no more than 10,000 went, most of them after 1984, even though many analysts think the number of "Arab Afghans" was much higher) with the highest figures one hears for foreign holy warriors in Iraq (one to two hundred entering Iraq each month), the result is astonishing, and for would-be jihadists depressing. Traveling to Iraq from anywhere in the Arab world is easy. Language isn't a problem. Iraqi Sunni Arab fundamentalist groups are much better plugged into the larger Arab Sunni world than were their Afghan Islamist counterparts in the 1980s. The Syrian government, and probably others in the region, would love to help all comers. We should have seen by now *thousands* of holy warriors coming to Iraq. Suicide bombers have clouded our accounting by magnifying the individual commitment of each jihadist and the damage he can do.

We can only guess why Iraq has been so much less of a draw than Afghanistan. A reasonable guess, however, is that the Muslim, and especially Arab, world doesn't have its heart in this fight. Although Sunni Arabs rarely rose to denounce Saddam Hussein's slaughtering of Arab Shiites and Kurds, they knew full well the horrors of his rule. Although many are loath to say so publicly, they know the American invasion of Iraq and George W. Bush's rhetoric in favor of democracy have shaken the established order in the Arab world, and they are content to see it so. This is probably as true for Arab Sunni fundamentalists as it is for Arab liberals. Both, in their own ways, want to overturn the status quo. Emotions about Iraq, and the rise of democracy within its borders and beyond, are too complicated and conflicted to produce any broadly popular and effective global jihad against the Americans.

There is no satisfying, expeditious answer to Europe's Muslim problems. If Olivier Roy is right—European Islam, for better and for worse, is now independent of the Middle East—then democracy could come to Muslims' ancestral homelands even as a virulent form of Islamic militancy persisted for years in Western Europe. But the intellectual and family ties with the Middle East are probably still sufficient to ensure that if the Middle East changes for the better, the ripples will quickly reach Europe. The democratic discussion in the Middle East, which is often broadcast through media headquartered in Europe, is becoming ever more vibrant and powerful. If Hosni Mubarak's regime in Egypt begins to give way to democracy, it's a very good bet that *the* discussion in every single mosque in Western Europe will be about the popular triumph and the democratic experiment beginning in the Arab world's most important country.

Amid all the ensuing political and religious debates and arguments, in the expectant hope that other dictators would fall, al Qaeda and its allied groups might find it even harder to attract recruits who would incinerate themselves for a revolutionary ideal increasingly at odds with reality. If the Bush administration wants to help Europe, it should back as forcefully as possible the rapid expansion of democracy in the Middle East. It would be a delightful irony if the more progressive political and religious debates among the Middle East's Muslims saved their brethren in the intellectually backward lands of the European Union. ♦

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Nervous in Baghdad

Do Americans have the will to stay the course?

By Austin Bay

Bagram Air Base, Afghanistan

The Afghan farmer at Three Markets—Sayh Dukon in the local dialect—showed me how he killed the yellow-bellied viper. He flicked his wrist, cutting the air with his hand-held scythe, his smile vacillating between amused relief and grim satisfaction.

An American soldier skinned the snake and dangled its body in front of my video camera as a half-dozen Kevlar-armored kibitzers debated the snake's lethality. I moved from the snake to a pan shot of the farmer's wheat field and the Bagram plain, with snow-capped Himalayan peaks rising in the distance. Through the camera lens the vast range shimmered like a mirage.

I'd been on a motor patrol with the 164th Military Police Company, part of the U.S. Army's 716th MP Battalion, Ft. Campbell, Kentucky. We'd forded the Berq River, visited the village of Bakhshe Khil, and were returning to Bagram Air Base via Sayh Dukon. In Bakhshe Khil the villagers had talked about water—there's plenty this year—and one of them mentioned the next round of national elections, scheduled for September. At Sayh Dukon we'd stopped to inspect an abandoned, mud-brick family compound the Russians had used as a garrison in what our translator, Jdhooshi, called "the war against the mujahedeen."

For 60 years, Jdhooshi guessed, an extended family had lived in the compound, and they were probably driven out by the Russians. "The family grew grapes," Jdhooshi said, pointing to a two-story structure that had not quite collapsed. "The vines, they would drop from wood, from poles on the roof, to ripen into raisins."

"Jdhooshi" is a nom de guerre, but seems to fit the spry, gray-bearded 69-year-old Afghan. Actually, I should call him an Angeleno. For three decades Jdhooshi lived in Los Angeles. But after 9/11, when the war on terror came to Afghanistan, he knew he had to get involved. "This is a chance to change this place, my country, my first country," he told me. "It has suffered so much. Thirty years of war has left it with nothing. Now we, America, we are giving Afghanistan a chance. I knew I could help by working as a translator. For the military. The people, they now have hope, they know some things can be different."

Did last year's elections make a difference?

Jdhooshi grinned, his beard jutting forward, and I immediately knew the question was stupid. "Of course. The Taliban said it would not happen—but it did. But there is so much to do, so much still to do."

As for the snake? "It's poison," Jdhooshi assured me as we walked back to the MPs' armored Humvees.

I stopped to watch two farmers bury the snake in a hole the size of a shoe box. Another man had already returned to the wheat field, bending over the grain, reaching down into the furrow. This is how the war on terror will be won, I thought—when the elections are held, the men return to their wheat fields, and the snakes are dead.

Has Dick Cheney ever seen a snake die? Hitting a sidewinder on a Wyoming highway doesn't count. Snake death at close-range is a writhing, dangerous agony as the damned and bleeding thing lunges at your eyes, your hand, your knife, the boot its first strike failed to penetrate. Wipe the sweat from your face, glance at the nervous man behind you, swipe the tall-grass with the back of your blade, swat a bothersome gnat—take your eye off the enemy and in that instant the coiled, dying devil lands a fang. You killed it, but in its last throes it got you.

"I think they're in the last throes, if you will, of the

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insurgency," Cheney told CNN's Larry King on May 30, when asked to appraise the warfare in Iraq. I'll give odds that he regrets that comment. During my June visit to Central Command's theater of operations—from Djibouti in the Horn of Africa, to Iraq, and concluding in Afghanistan—I met U.S. soldiers in the field who found the vice president's off-the-cuff assessment at best perplexing, at worst ignorant.

"What in the hell is going on back there?" a Navy officer asked me. It was a rhetorical question—he is a man sophisticated in the ways of Washington. He laced his fingers behind his head and leaned back in his chair. I felt the ship roll ever so slightly, but the officer had a sailor's innate compensation, the roll absorbed in the tip and angle of his chair.

"Americans want business as usual," I said to the naval officer as the slow roll passed. "In Washington business as usual is fighting over power."

"They can do that because we've been fairly successful," the officer replied, as he dropped his feet to the deck—and he meant successful in fighting the war on terror. He stood up. It was 2100 hours, we'd had a long day in the northern Persian Gulf, but he still had duties.

"Go ahead and check your email," he said, pointing to his computer. "I'll be back in 20 minutes."

I took his chair and proceeded to read two-dozen emails, from Europe, North America, Australia, and Asia, including a note from a young woman working on border control issues in Afghanistan. On an amphib warship 20 kilometers off Kuwait, I hit a half-dozen websites and scanned the latest Beltway hoopla. Though I was "over there," "back here" headlines dominated cyberspace. An alarming number of them these days betray impatience with our progress in the war on terror. It leaves you wondering if anyone in Washington—at least anyone in the Baby Boomer political class—knows what it takes to win a long, tedious, unavoidable war.

Success in the war on terror may strike *New York Times* readers and CNN viewers as a radically optimistic notion. The worst haters of America and its counteroffensive against terror—following the lead of Abu Musab al Zarqawi, al Qaeda's man in Iraq, and Britain's hard-left buffoon, George Galloway—acknowledge no conceivable measure of success. After all, they want America to lose. Every car bomb in Baghdad, they will say, just creates more terrorists, and America's war on terror reduces to the soundbite "blood for oil."

Galloway-Zarqawi critiques are the latest embodiment of anti-American themes with deep roots, dating back to Soviet Cold War propaganda. The connections ain't theory. Terrorist organizations in the Middle East—the initial crop largely Palestinian—were armed and trained by the Soviets. The Soviets, in concert with Arab clients like Syria and Nasser's Egypt, promoted the Arab-Israeli conflict as an American conspiracy. These Cold War Soviet sources of anti-Americanism receive scant attention, but they are the foundation of the jihadists' information war, and fuel the conspiracy theorists at *www.democraticunderground.org*—cranks the Howard Dean wing of the DNC exploits for their money and votes. The bottom line for Galloway-Zarqawi types: Any event on the planet—real or imagined—that dishonest rhetoric can connect to either the United States or Israel always creates more terrorists.

Less implacable critics of the Bush administration recognize two negative metrics implying a degree of success in the war on terror: (1) There's been no use of weapons of mass destruction by al Qaeda and its allies and (2) no second 9/11 has occurred on U.S. soil. More careful and generous analysts remember the Afghan elections of October 2004, then an Orange Revolution in Ukraine, then an election in Palestine, then the ink-stained vote in Iraq.

The truth is, Iraq, Afghanistan, the Horn of Africa, Syria, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Palestine, Southeast Asia, and Pakistan are all arguably successes in the making—slow, incremental, 1.01-steps-forward-one-step-back successes, where the enemies are tough, determined, and often well-financed. To call them snakes insults reptiles, but they die slowly, and they are vicious in their agony.

On June 23 CENTCOM commander General John Abizaid told a Senate hearing that the Iraqi insurgency was at "about the same" strength it was six months ago. "I believe there are more foreign fighters coming into Iraq than there were six months ago. . . . We see good progress in both Iraq and Afghanistan . . . but we are realistic. And we know that great change is often accompanied by great violence." I was still in Afghanistan, so I missed the general's performance. The pictures I saw on the web show the burly, intellectual Abizaid as a cool and serious senior officer, a kaleidoscope of military ribbons draping his dress green uniform.

I did get to hear Abizaid on June 16, while waiting at the East Gate of the U.S. Marine base at Falluja. I was in Iraq again, this time with a note pad and camera instead of a pistol. My flak vest was a black police SWAT jacket, more svelte than the heavy, plated monster I wore last year while racing along Baghdad's Route Irish (see "The Millennium War," THE WEEKLY STANDARD, January 3 / January 10, 2005). The temperature was approaching 120 degrees Fahrenheit, which didn't bother me so

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much. Last year I'd humped Baghdad at 130. The dust, however, irritated me. Abizaid—wearing desert camouflage, a flak vest, and his 1st Ranger Battalion combat patch—looked thoroughly composed, displaying the earned gravitas of the superior combat commander who knows dust, gripes, mistakes, direct fire, and writers come with the job.

He glanced at me out of the corner of his eye. I had no idea what was coming. Then, I swear, I knew.

"The mood of how this war is going in Baghdad and Arab capitals is better than in Washington and London," Abizaid said. Déjà vu all over again, though with dust this time, and no roll: It's the conversation with the naval officer.

Why? I asked. Why is that? Why the rank negativism? We were standing under a camou net, waiting for the Iraqi police brigadier now charged with directing Iraqi security operations in Falluja. Abizaid had taken off his helmet, and passed it to one of his aides. "Here's how I answer that. The Arabs see the Iraqis taking control of their own lives. And I see that. I see that every day. The fact is you have Iraqi leaders and soldiers who go out and face it [the insurgency] every day. The Iraqis have been fighting and dying at a rate three to four times greater than ours, so I wouldn't sell them short."

But what do you say to someone who says nothing has changed?

"The center of friction is now somewhere west of Baghdad. Last year I would have said it was Baghdad. It's moved from Baghdad, west. Into Al Anbar" province, toward the Syrian border. "We're squeezing them more and more. It's clear from the intel that Zarqawi is under pressure. Al Qaeda is under pressure everywhere. The main problem [in Iraq] is the Sunni Arab community coming into the political process, and that takes patient military and political skills."

Patient, he said. We have no patience, I thought. Washington, D.C., and cable news have no patience. Our own ridiculous, catered-to generation, General, has little patience for anything except capital gains, and maybe that's too generous a statement. If the Big Mac is two minutes late, Boomers, be they left or right, get pissed. I thought that—but I didn't say any of it. In part I didn't say it because it's not totally true. I know way too many exceptions—some who have wised up, and some who have borne the burdens of real-world responsibility and bad history from the get-go. So I didn't shoot my mouth.

"Al Anbar is two to three years behind the rest of Iraq in terms of development," General Abizaid went on. "The final battle of the Iraqi insurgency will be fought here. Maybe by Iraqi forces alone." Then he added: "In conservative Sunni neighborhoods you will find restaurants named Al Falluja. Falluja has become a symbol for fighting Western Crusaders."

Even when Falluja is policed by Iraqis?

In this part of the world, Abizaid nodded, "they'd just as soon have [their] Sunni extremists go to Al Anbar and get killed. [The deal is] let your problem be somebody else's."

What's the Iraqi Army going to be like, in two or three years?

"Do not think you will make the Iraqi Army into a U.S. Marine Corps or U.S. Army or French Army or British Army," Abizaid replied. "They will be an Iraqi Army, capable of defending their country. That's what they're training for, that's what they're going to be."

As if on cue a staff officer signaled. The Iraqi police brigadier—wearing a nifty SWAT-style flak vest—had arrived.

Oceans still spawn hurricanes, but they don't stop ICBMs or terrorists. On 9/11 al Qaeda demonstrated that what the World War I generation called "over there" is nowadays very close to "back here." America—according to its enemies—is everywhere, but a computer keystroke finds al Qaeda, Chinese spam, Nigerian scams, North Korean agitprop, Bhutanese rug prices, and Sudan's hideous genocide in Darfur. An airline ticket, a sick tourist, and 22 hours moves the Asian flu from Bangkok to Denver. The upscale phrase is "technological compression," but the down-to-Earth 21st century fact is all of us live next door.

Unfortunately, many politicians and journalists still habitually live by 20th-century templates. *Newsweek* certainly thought "the snake's there and we're here" when it ran its notorious "Koran flushing" anecdote, sparking deadly riots in Pakistan. Two other templates were also in play then: the Vietnam and the Watergate templates. Vietnam and Watergate for three decades have provided the New York-Washington-L.A. media axis with convenient—if reductive—headlines. The Vietnam and Watergate rules are simple and cynical. Rule One: Presume the U.S. government is lying—especially when the president is a Republican. Rule Two: Presume the worst about the U.S. military—even when the president is a Democrat. Rule Three: Allegations by "Third World victims" are presumptively true, while U.S. statements are met with arrogant contempt.

When will the media figure this out: Al Qaeda and its cohorts are strategic information powers and little else.

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"The terrorists have yet to win an engagement above the platoon level," Gen. Abizaid said as we flew from Qatar to Iraq. I mean, a C-17 is loud, but the man said it with exacting clarity. Terrorist bombs are made for TV, and terrorist beheadings are made for the Internet. Here's a radical thought, politically incorrect, incorrect in terms of TV ratings but still strategically correct and correct in terms of defending liberal values: Winning the global war against Islamist terror ultimately means curbing the terrorists' strategic combat power, and that means ending the media magnification of their bombs.

I remember a very early morning in July 2004, still on active duty, when I realized this was the case. I walked into the coalition's Joint Operations Center in Al Faw Palace, Baghdad, and took a seat in the back of the tiered amphitheater. A huge plasma screen draped the front wall, like a movie theater screen, divided into ceiling-high panels capable of displaying multiple computer projections. A viewer could visually hopscotch from news to weather to war. The biggest display, that morning and every morning, was a spooling date-time list describing scores of military and police actions undertaken over the last dozen hours. The succinct, acronym-packed reports flowed like haikus of violence: "0331: 1/5 Cav, 1st Cavalry Division, arrests suspects after Iraqi police stop car"; "0335 USMC vicinity Falluja engaged by RPG, returned fire. No casualties."

The spool spun on and on, and I remember thinking: I know we're winning. We're winning because—in the big picture—all the opposition (Saddam's thugs and Zarqawi's al Qaeda) has to offer is the tyranny of the past. But the drop-by-drop police blotter perspective obscures that.

Collect relatively isolated events in a chronological list and presto: the impression of uninterrupted, widespread violence destroying Iraq. But that was a false impression, even in July 2004. Every day, coalition forces were moving thousands of 18-wheelers from Kuwait and Turkey into Iraq. If the insurgents were lucky they blew up one. However, flash the flames of that one rig on CNN and, "Oh my God, America can't stop these guys," is the impression left from Boise to Beijing.

Another memory of those days. I remember running into Col. Sam Palmer in the Al Faw Palace in May 2004. Sam served as the Corps's C-9, in charge of Civil Affairs (economic assistance and civil-military relations). Sam looked tired—looked, heck, he was beat, with the dark rims of 20-hour days circling his eyes.

"Here's one of the things a strategic policy guy like you, Austin, is going to see immediately. We're whipsawed by the U.S. political cycle," meaning the elections. "Somehow we've got to get a stable policy—something that will help see us through the economic and political development phases of this war."

June 2005—back in the Al Faw Palace, this time for an interview with Lieutenant General John Vines, the commander of XVIIIth Airborne Corps. We're in the corps commander's office, on the second floor. Another reporter asks Vines the gut question: "The loss of national will. Does that [possibility] scare you?"

"Truthfully, yes," Gen. Vines says. Vines had just briefed us on Operation Lightning, an Iraqi and U.S. effort in and around Baghdad. "At least half of that operation [in June] was planned and executed by Iraqi MOD [Ministry of Defense] and MOI [Ministry of Interior] troops, [operating] along with the 3rd ID [Third U.S. Infantry Division]." The Iraqi troops "coordinated. Believe it or not, bureaucracies in the United States don't coordinate among themselves. The Iraqis have gone a long way to deciding who has [security] responsibilities in Baghdad. MOI has the lead inside Baghdad, MOD outside. . . . Iraqi tactical capability is adequate." The issue is "their ability to sustain it."

"The real measure is not military but political. The insurgency won't be defeated through the barrel of a weapon but through a political process."

Yes, I thought, and that's also the only thing that can defeat America.

Wheat and elections—to grow wheat and hold straight elections requires security. In a world with jumbo jets and the Internet, economic productivity, popular sovereignty, and mutual security aren't the products of mere nation-building; they require planet-building.

"There is so much to do, so much still to do," Jdhooshi said. No kidding. The Bush administration has had extraordinary successes in the field. It's pursuing "The Big Win"—a strategy designed to create a secure, 21st-century international order that will allow open societies to operate without fear of WMDs or IEDs.

Consider the enemy—and let him speak for himself. The November 2004 murder of Dutch filmmaker Theo van Gogh stunned the civilized world. His killer, a second-generation Arab immigrant named Mohammed Bouyeri, shot van Gogh, stabbed him, then slit the filmmaker's throat. Bouyeri left a five-page letter on the body that said "there will be no mercy for the wicked, only the sword will be raised against them" and promised to destroy Holland, the United States, and Europe.

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At his trial in July 2005, Bouyeri testified to his own depravity and the jihadists' sociopathology. "I acted out of conviction and not out of hate," Bouyeri told the court. "If I'm ever released, I'd do the same again. Exactly the same. . . . The law [*sharia*] instructs me to chop off the head of everyone who insults Allah or the prophet." He also told van Gogh's mother: "I don't feel your pain."

Bouyeri is a 9/11 jihadist—the kind of religious nihilist who, given half a chance, will fly a 767 into a skyscraper. His crime is a European example of how the "murder tool" is used by political and religious reactionaries to thwart moderate voices throughout the Middle East. For decades Arab moderates have complained that they literally live under the gun, fearing reprisal and death. I've heard that personally from Palestinians and Syrians—and Iraqis during Saddam Hussein's reign.

How do you stop a man like Bouyeri in a world where oceans mean so little? You pull his gun away from the heads of those he threatens.

The Bush administration's reaction to 9/11—specifically, its strategic decision to go on offense—has been the right thing in spades: Take the gun from the hands of tyrants and terrorists. Defeating the Taliban in Afghanistan destroyed al Qaeda's claim of "divine sanction" for its international war. Removing Saddam Hussein began the reconfiguration of the politically dysfunctional Arab Middle East—a dangerous, expensive process, but one that will give moderates the chance to build states where the consent of the governed creates legitimacy and where terrorists are prosecuted, not protected.

Progress in this war has been hard to follow for a reason. The Bush administration hates the Washington press corps, and vice versa. If hate is a verb-too-far then substitute "fundamentally distrusts." The Washington press corps reflects the ethos of the national press, and that ethos is left-liberal Democrat. No, this "press" isn't a monolith; yes, competition breeds a kind of diversity, but since Tet 1968 and Richard Nixon's election Republicans haven't gotten a fair shake from the New York-Washington-L.A. media axis (even though Tet occurred during a Democratic administration). Niggle over individuals, pull this stray story from that odd report, but the weight of evidence is heavy.

For the strategic good of the United States, and global liberty in general, however, this poisoned White House-press relationship may prove to be a huge problem. Al Qaeda's jihadists plotted a multigenerational war. In the early 1990s our enemies began proselytizing London and New York mosques and in doing so began planting cadres throughout the world. Even if Washington leads a successful global counterterror war, many of these cadres will unfortunately turn gray before it's over. That means a multiadministration war, which means bridging what my friend Sam Palmer (a genuine liberal warrior, God bless him) identified as the whipsaw of the U.S. political cycle.

The Bush administration has not done that—at least not in any focused and sustained fashion. My mother predicted this. December 2001: Mom phoned and said she remembered being a teenager in late 1942 and tossing a tin can on a wagon that rolled past the train station in her hometown of Plainview, Texas—a World War II scrap metal drive. She knew that the can she tossed didn't add much to the war effort, but she felt that in some small, token, but very real way, she was contributing to the battle.

"The Bush administration is going to make a terrible mistake if it does not let the American people get involved in this war. Austin, we need a war bond drive. This matters, because this is what it will take."

She was right then, and she's right now. Early on the Bush administration failed to tap the great reservoir of political willingness 9/11 generated. Would the national press and academic left have called a "Democracy Bond" or a "Security and Development Bond" drive corny? Of course they would have—but so what? Clothing drives for Afghan refugees? Maureen Dowd might have snarked at that, but again, so what?

Administration officials did preach a bit, but the sermon was too cheery: America needed to maintain a strong economy to sustain the war effort. That was tied to tax cut programs to fight recession. It should have been tied to an optional check-off on the IRS 1040: "Buy a Security Bond with $50 of your tax money." The money would have been better spent than the optional bucks dedicated to federal elections.

The White House has also soft-pedaled the paradox in America's Middle East strategy: Political and economic success in the Middle East inevitably attracts terrorists. You can almost hear the flummoxed questions in the White House briefing room: "You mean you're going to go there to build a new country but also attract bad guys?"

Well, yes. The bad guys aren't stupid. They know wheat and elections are their death knell. Al Qaeda's biggest recruiting tool was—and is—the political failure of the Arab world. In this dysfunctional world, tyranny and terror reinforce one another, with the people the inevitable victims. If this war is going to be won it must be fought in the heart of the Middle East.

Abu Musab al Zarqawi believes it. Z-Man said as much in his captured message to al Qaeda in February 2004. After Iraqis run their own government, U.S.

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troops will remain, Zarqawi's message said, "but the sons of this land will be the authority. . . . This is the democracy. We will have no pretexts." Iraq's new army and police will link with the people "by lineage, blood and appearance."

Al Qaeda still fears an American and Iraqi strategic victory—a democracy defending itself against terrorists. This would be a huge victory, not only for the United States but for Arab and Muslim prestige.

Strategy is always about applying one's own strength to an opponent's weakness. Al Qaeda's historical pattern is to wait patiently, for years if necessary, and carefully prepare a terror operation until it's certain of success. Prior to 9/11, with little pressure on its hidden network (succored by the Taliban, Wahhabi petrodollars, worldwide fundraising, and, yes, Iraq), al Qaeda could take its time to spring a vicious surprise attack—surprise and visionary viciousness being its strengths and the gist of its "asymmetric" challenge to America's "symmetric" power. "Fear us, America," was the message, "because al Qaeda chooses the time and place of battle, and when we do you are defenseless."

The strategic ambush of 9/11 sought to force America to fight on al Qaeda's terms, to suck the United States into a no-win Afghan war, to bait the United States into launching a "crusade against Islam." Osama bin Laden believed he possessed an edge in ideological appeal, "faith-based" strength against what he perceived as U.S. decadence. U.S. failure in Afghanistan would ignite a global "clash of civilizations" pitting all Muslims against America.

Bin Laden's strategy flopped, for a slew of reasons. Chief among them, liberty remains an ideologically powerful idea. The United States also pulled an "asymmetric" military move of sorts, using Green Beret-guided Afghan allies and high-tech airpower to topple the Taliban.

Since the loss of its Afghan base, al Qaeda has experienced extraordinary pressure. Time to plan is squeezed. The United States has used diplomacy, police work, better intel, and its military presence to exert the pressure. Al Qaeda has attempted to adapt, without apparent success, by using a sleeper cell strategy while aggressively attempting to acquire weapons of mass destruction.

Which leads to the subject of U.S. military action against Iraq and its role in defeating al Qaeda. The American presence in Iraq serves as a baited trap that al Qaeda cannot ignore. Failure to react would demonstrate al Qaeda's impotence. For the sake of their own reputation (as well as any notion of divine sanction), al Qaeda's cadres must show CNN and Al Jazeera they are still capable of dramatic endeavor.

Toppling Saddam and bringing the hope of democracy to the Middle East strategically changed al Qaeda's "timelines." Time is now turned against al Qaeda, in the form of a new Iraqi army, in the political shape of a new, pluralistic Iraqi government—examples of what General Abizaid calls "Iraqis taking control of their own lives."

So al Qaeda has come to Iraq to fight. Building a New Iraq and defeating those who would destroy it is the grand strategy—but the Bush administration didn't make that case explicit. It "suggested" this case but shied away from making it the center of its public diplomacy. In retrospect that was a long-term political mistake.

Is the plan realist or is it utopian? The realpolitik maestros of George H.W. Bush's administration were horrified by the prospect of nation-building. Bush I discouraged post-Soviet Ukraine's democratic aspirations. Moscow needed time to lick its wounds. In the wake of Desert Storm, when the Shias revolted in southern Iraq, American forces stood pat, and Saddam's Republican Guard slaughtered them en masse. Sure, the U.N. deal had only authorized removing Iraqi forces from Kuwait, but Resolution 687—which halted Desert Storm—also demanded fair treatment of Iraq's Shias and Kurds. The mass murder of Shias was a huge moral and political dilemma, and Bush I opted for a minimal response: air umbrellas over northern and southern Iraq.

The Clinton administration talked the talk of international development. But Haiti proved to be a hollow gesture. In the 1992 presidential campaign, Clinton criticized Bush I for indecisiveness in the Balkans, specifically Bosnia. The Clinton administration then proceeded to dither. Its covert support of Croatia against Slobodan Milosevic's Serbia proved to be successful, culminating in August 1995's Operation Storm, which drove Serbian forces from the Krajina and back into eastern Bosnia. But the covert program came too late for savaged Sarajevo and Srebrenica. The Clinton administration's greatest act of liberation—Kosovo—was a war fought without U.N. approval. America acted to stop a war in Europe from spreading, a war with ethnic and religious dimensions. The United States acted to defend European Muslims.

All of this was too much for Republican "realists," until 9/11 made it clear that economic and political development—the expansion of the sphere of economically and politically liberal states—was key to America's 21stcentury security. What Al Toffler called the "slow" and "fast" worlds became the Pentagon's world of "gaps" and "cores," or "disconnected" and "connected" regions. Afghanistan was slow, gappy, and disconnected.

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It attracted international terrorists. Somalia was slow, gappy, and disconnected. "Gaps" with Muslim populations were the most critical, but "disconnected" dictators in Zimbabwe or Myanmar also provided haven to terrorists in exchange for cash.

Cain asked God if he was his brother's keeper. The message of 9/11: In the 21st century you darned well better be.

I remember Bishop Desmond Tutu's visit in 1984 to my church on New York City's Upper West Side. Bishop Tutu had been there for a month, using our church as a base for his forays to the U.N. and elsewhere. At tea time after church he had the usual klatch around him, but this morning's subject was economic aid to Africa. I said that corruption was a huge problem and he agreed. I told him I thought the churches did a better job of delivering effective development aid because they avoided corrupt governments. Tutu confirmed that with a nod, and took another sip of tea. "The best way is if we can directly link people, you know, in the U.S., in the West, to individuals in developing nations."

"So how do you do it?" Bishop Tutu asked. "How do you do it?"

And that is still the big challenge. After 9/11, realists confronted a reality that demanded idealism. Global development—and that includes the development of democratic legal systems capable of controlling corruption—is in the direct security interest of the United States.

The Baghdad of June 2005 is not the Baghdad I left in September 2004. The piles of bricks around Iraqi homes are a positive sign. Nothing bespeaks faith in a middle-class future like home remodeling. Downtown cranes sprout over city-block-sized construction projects. The negatives are all too familiar—terror bombs and the slaughter of Iraqi citizens.

Last July I saw six Iraqi National Guardsmen manning a position beneath a freeway overpass. It was the first time I had seen independently deployed Iraqi forces. Now, I see senior Iraqi officers in the hallways of Al Faw Palace conducting operational liaison with U.S. and coalition forces. I hear reports of the Iraqi Army conducting independent street-clearing and neighborhood search operations. Brigadier Gen. Karl Horst, assistant division commander of U.S. Third Infantry Division, told me about one Iraqi battalion's success on the perennially challenging Haifa Street.

In February of this year, under the direction of an Iraqi colonel, Muhammad Faiq Raouf, the battalion drove terrorists from this key Baghdad drag. Last year, Haifa Street was a combat zone where U.S. and Iraqi security forces showed up in Robo-Cop garb—helmets, armor, Bradleys, armored Humvees. Horst told me that he and his Iraqi counterpart now have tea in a sidewalk cafe along the once notorious boulevard. While I was in Baghdad, troops from "Colonel Muhammad's" battalion rescued Australian hostage Douglas Wood.

"Muhammad is a real live Iraqi hero," Horst told me. "He's also had 43 death threats, and counting."

Is Colonel Muhammad's unit one of those Iraqi units Lieutenant General Vines says plans its own missions? I asked.

"Absolutely," Horst replied.

During the house-to-house search that led to Wood's rescue, a U.S. unit in the Third Infantry Division was in a supporting role, but the Iraqis planned and led the operation.

How many Iraqi battalions work like Colonel Muhammad's? Here's my guess, based on what I've gleaned from my best military sources: As of June 2005 there were a half-dozen Iraqi Army battalions capable of running their own operations. But that's a vast improvement over the zero that existed in July 2004. (I do not include the 36th Commando Battalion in this mix—that elite unit was a very effective force already in 2004.) Yes, Iraqis and Americans are still paying for the biggest mistake we made in this war: disbanding the Iraqi Army. The trick will be to use these capable nuclei to build a larger, sustainable force. My bet is that the Iraqis will pull it off. By the end of 2006 the Iraqis plan to have 250,000 troops and policemen in uniform.

But they won't if America wilts, and our weakness is back home, in front of the TV, on the cable squawk shows, on the editorial pages, in the political gotcha games of Washington, D.C. There, it seems America just wants to get on with its Electra-Glide life, that September 10 sense of freedom and security, without finishing the job. The U.S. military is fighting, the nascent Iraqi military is fighting, the Iraqi people are fighting, but where is the American political class?

Bullets go bang, and so do ballots in their own way. In terms of this war's battlespace, the January Iraqi elections were World War II's D-Day and Battle of the Bulge combined. But the bricks—the building of Iraq, Afghanistan, and the other hard corners where this war is and will be fought—that's a delicate and decades-long challenge.

Given the vicious enemy we face, five years, perhaps fifteen years from now, occasional bullets and bombs will disrupt the political and economic building. That is the way it will be if we are successful. "There is so much to do," Jdhooshi said, "so much still to do." ♦

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AFP / Getty Images / Robert F. Bukaty

George Pataki, Rudolph Giuliani, Hillary Clinton

Follow a Leader

Rudy Giuliani proved that New York can be governed By Vincent J. Cannato

For better or worse, we live in an era of political celebrities. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Colin Powell, Hillary Clinton, and John McCain all possess outsized public profiles that transcend narrow political affiliations. One of these celebrity politicians is former New York City mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Dubbed "America's Mayor," Giuliani emerged from 9/11 as a symbol of national strength and resilience. Now out of office, Giuliani commands enormous fees as he travels the country speaking about leadership. The man who, a decade ago, endorsed liberal Democrat Mario Cuomo for governor now finds himself a leading contender for the 2008 Republican presidential nomination.

As with most celebrities, a myth props up this image. The narrative arc is that of a crime-fighting mayor who made New York safe, but wore out his welcome with personal scandals and a number of racially polarizing incidents. Then, in the waning days of his administration, Giuliani was resurrected by September 11th. Though there is some truth to the myth, Fred Siegel reminds us that not only is there much more to Rudy Giuliani than 9/11, but the former mayor's actions on that horrible day were no mere fluke. In *The Prince of the City* Siegel offers a detailed portrait of a politician who helped reshape politics during the 1990s while holding down the nation's second-toughest job.

The Prince of the City
Giuliani, New York, and the Genius of American Life
by Fred Siegel
Encounter, 386 pp., $26.95

New York has long been home to moderate-to-liberal Republicans. We associate the term "Rockefeller Republicanism" with a kind of "liberalism-lite" for the upper-middle-class Northeast. This kind of "moderation" is often equated with "squishiness," or a lack of conviction, bringing to mind Theodore Roosevelt's classic put-down of William McKinley, that the then-president had the spine of a chocolate éclair. Rudy Giuliani is no Rockefeller Republican. According to Siegel, he represents a different type of moderate: a "hard-charging moderate" or "immoderate centrist." (Siegel could also be describing his own political ideology.) Both Giuliani and Siegel prove that there are more than yellow lines and dead armadillos in the middle of the road.

Unlike Rockefeller Republicans, these tough-minded moderates often come from working-class backgrounds. They are not blindly anti-government. They believe government has a role in assuring the upward mobility of its citizens, but abhor fiscal irresponsibility. They praise immigration, but are skeptical of multiculturalism and racial grandstanding. They might not pass the social conservative litmus test, but are culturally conservative on issues of civility and public order. And they are nothing if not hawks on national security.

During the 1990s, this kind of moderation was in fashion. Ronald Reagan had shifted the national dialogue to the right. The last-gasp liberalism of the late 1980s and early 1990s, as repre-

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sented in New York by Mayor David Dinkins and nationally by the "peace dividend" crowd, was fading fast. The Democratic Leadership Council was ascendant, and the word "triangulation" was about to enter the nation's political vocabulary. Everyone became obsessed with Reagan Democrats and thought blue-collar Macomb County, Michigan, was the Rosetta Stone of American politics. The prominence of Ross Perot gave rise to the term "the radical middle." David Osborne and Ted Gaebler's *Reinventing Government*, once touted by Al Gore in his pre-*MoveOn.org* days, tried to move Democrats away from a reflexively big government philosophy. From Indianapolis to Jersey City to Detroit to Chicago to Cleveland to Milwaukee, a new breed of moderate, nonideological mayors—black and white, Republican and Democrat—tried to push cities beyond the failed policies of the past.

The most interesting story of the decade was the revitalization and renewal of New York City. For years, it was said that New York and other cities were victims of vast structural problems, which they were helpless to change. Federal tax policies, highway subsidization, "redlining," racism, "Reagan budget cuts," poverty, and deindustrialization all helped imprison cities in perpetual decline. According to this theory, no elected official could be held responsible for the urban crisis. Such thinking revealed a deeply pessimistic strain to modern liberalism. Whereas an earlier liberalism championed the power of government to solve problems and improve society, now not only were some government policies being blamed for the urban crisis, but the structural theory seemed to deny the power of government officials to do anything about it.

This argument, taken to extremes, also brought into question the idea of urban self-government. If mayors had no effect on policy, why elect them? Were they mere potted plants? If the size and strategy of an urban police force were irrelevant to the crime rate, why bother policing?

"The widely accepted assumption of ungovernability meant mayors were largely unaccountable," writes Siegel. "And if the city was ungovernable through no fault of its own, there was no reason to challenge the suppositions behind New York's self-evidently virtuous political culture of compassionate liberalism." Neither Giuliani nor Siegel buy the structural argument, and both men are more than happy to challenge this "virtuous political culture" of New York liberalism. That's not to say that there are not larger economic and demographic factors that affect cities, but cities can also make choices, and both believe that, for too long, New York made the wrong ones.

For Giuliani, that meant transforming the political culture of New York and making it "more like the rest of America." Siegel calls this Giuliani's "restorationist regime." First, the city would have to stop looking for handouts from the federal government—"rattling the tin cup"—and begin to reform from within. Though he did not exactly slash city spending, he drove down the deficit during the lean years of the mid-1990s, trimmed the city's payroll, and drove hard bargains with public-sector unions. When the boom of the later '90s arrived, New York was on its best fiscal footing in decades.

Giuliani's most famous success is reducing crime and restoring public order. With Bill Bratton as police commissioner, law enforcement became more proactive and used computer models to pinpoint problem areas. CompStat and "broken windows" became national buzzwords as the murder rate fell to mid-1960s levels.

Lastly, the Giuliani administration made great strides in reducing welfare rolls and emphasizing work. As Siegel implies in the subtitle, "the genius of American life" was that cities were once engines of upward mobility for the poor and immigrants. There were few Horatio Alger stories, and progress was often slow and painful, but cities could turn out middle-class citizens in a generation or two.

In the late 20th century, pessimism began to prevail and New Yorkers accepted a new idea that poverty was a permanent condition, and the best that could be done was to make it as comfortable as possible. This was a disaster for both the poor and the city. According to Siegel, Giuliani replaced his predecessors' rhetoric of "compassion, generosity, and multiculturalism—which in practice translated into more social service jobs, higher taxes, and ethnic strife—with talk of work, self-sufficiency, and a shared Americanism." With New York in the midst of an immigration boom that made almost half its citizens foreign-born, it was the right time for this message.

Much as liberal critics thought that Ronald Reagan's anti-Communist rhetoric would lead to nuclear war in the early 1980s, many of Giuliani's critics believed such tough-minded talk and policies would lead to riots. Giuliani ignored this "riot ideology" and refused to legitimate people like Al Sharpton, leading to the biggest reductions in crime in poor, inner-city neighborhoods, and a revitalized Harlem.

On the one hand, it would be a mistake to turn Giuliani into a miracle worker, and Siegel avoids the temptation. There are many others who also deserve credit for New York's turnaround, and some policies—housing reform, rebuilding the city's subways, the revitalization of Times Square, Business Improvement Districts—predate the Giuliani years. And many problems still plague New York, like poor public schools and some pockets of deep poverty and hopelessness. Finally, despite a semblance of fiscal responsibility during the Giuliani years, some, including Siegel, see another fiscal crisis looming.

On the other hand, some critics argue that Giuliani was merely lucky. That, too, would be a mistake. While crime decreased in other cities (as well as under Giuliani's predecessor), it is doubtful it would have declined as much under another mayor, that the decline would have continued as long as it has (thanks to different policing strategies), or have been accompanied by a significant reduction of public fear. Another mayor might have squandered the wealth of New York's

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boom economy on much higher spending, and economic good times don't always equate with success for cities (see the 1960s and '80s). While all success contains a measure of luck, Giuliani did far more than just show up, and deserves the credit for producing results that matched his rhetoric.

On a similar thread, some have wondered whether another mayor might have performed just as admirably as Giuliani on and after September 11, 2001. As with the other issues, Siegel reminds us that Giuliani was more than just a passive bystander, and that the problem of terrorism was not just randomly thrust upon him that day. The city's response to 9/11 was part of years of planning. Giuliani and his aides were long aware of the risks of terrorism since the first attack against the World Trade Center in 1993 and the thwarted plans of Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman to blow up New York City landmarks, as well as the possibility of a biological attack, as had occurred in Tokyo in 1995.

Unlike many in Washington during the 1990s, Giuliani and his associates saw terrorism as "an ongoing threat" and "far more than a matter of isolated criminal cases, and they prepared the city for the inevitable next attack." Among other things, his administration formed a Mayor's Office of Emergency Management to coordinate the city's response to potential attacks years before 2001. Most famously, Giuliani created a state of the art emergency command center. His critics mercilessly pounced on the idea, dubbing it "the bunker," and implying that this was the work of a power-hungry and slightly paranoid politician. The *New York Times* said of it: "Some people think it's New York's funniest bunker since Archie."

In retrospect, this incident reminds us of the general complacency toward terrorism during the 1990s, a feeling that Giuliani admirably did not share. (There was a problem with the "bunker," however. Since it was on the twenty-third floor of Seven World Trade Center, it was destroyed when the building fell.) Still, as Siegel writes, the "city's largely successful response to 9/11 was the product of years of preparation."

AP / Doug Mills

Giuliani, George W. Bush, Pataki

Nearly every New York mayor of the 20th century left office diminished in some way. Not Giuliani. Having proven that New York was "governable" in recession, boom times, and while under terrorist attack, he became respected not just in the city, but throughout the country. A celebrity politician was born.

As an "immoderate centrist" himself (and former Giuliani adviser), Siegel is the right person to tell this story. He makes no pretensions to having written a full-scale biography, and much of the book will be familiar to those who followed Giuliani's mayoralty. Yet *The Prince of the City* is a compelling work of political biography and urban history. It should be required reading for those looking for clues to Giuliani's potential as a 2008 presidential candidate.

It also makes one understand why Rudy Giuliani was (after Laura Bush) the most effective campaign surrogate for George W. Bush in 2004. His criticisms of John Kerry were withering, and his speech at the Republican convention, though a bit meandering and self-referential, came across as truly genuine—tough-minded, yet warm. The question is: Can Giuliani square the circle? Can a twice-divorced, socially liberal Italian-American Catholic from New York City play in South Carolina or Iowa? Knowing that Giuliani's views on hot-button issues like abortion, gay rights, and immigration will turn off many in the Republican base, his political enemies in New York have already distributed a long list of Giuliani quotations that will not go over well with social conservatives.

Yet Siegel sees a potentially formidable national politician in this immoderate moderate who, if he chooses to run, will soon "be scrutinizing the GOP nominating process and the operations of the federal bureaucracy . . . with the same extraordinary attention to detail he gave to New York City government." Giuliani emerges from these pages as abrasive, relentless, supremely self-confident, and possessing an intellectual curiosity not always found among politicians. He is also helped by the fact that, for the first time in two generations, there is no clear frontrunner for the 2008 Republican nomination.

Still, this former mayor is fighting against a powerful historical trend if he chooses to run for president. Only three New York mayors have ever gone on to higher office, the last in the mid-1800s. Big-name, ambitious mayors like Fiorello LaGuardia, John Lindsay, and Edward Koch all saw City Hall as the last stop in their political careers. To avoid the fate of his predecessors, this prince of the city, deeply respected but never wholly adored by New Yorkers, will have to spend the next two-and-a-half years figuring out how to be loved by the Republican primary voter. ◆

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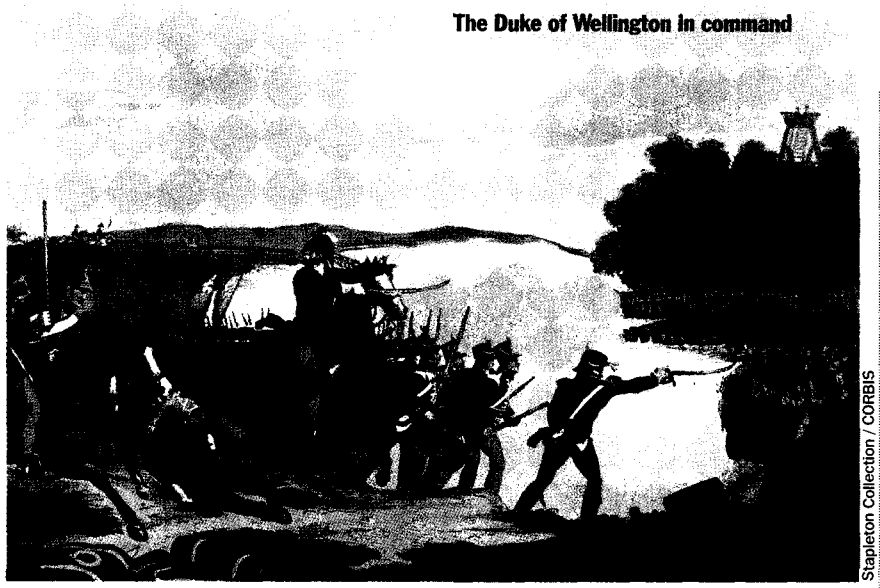
The Duke of Wellington in command



Stapleton Collection / CORBIS

Bonaparte's Last Stand

How Napoleon lost, and Wellington won, the Battle of Waterloo. BY JOSIAH BUNTING III

The Battle of Waterloo, on June 18, 1815, has been picked over as thoroughly as the corpses that littered its battlefield and muddy roads of retreat on the evening that ended the slaughter. A participant remembered: "I have seen nothing like that moment, the sky literally darkened with smoke, the sun just going down, and which till then had not for some hours broken through the gloom . . . the indescribable shouts of thousands . . . every man's arm seemed to be raised against that of every other . . . the mingled mass ebbed and flowed, the enemy began to yield . . . "

Waterloo: June 18, 1815
The Battle for Modern Europe
by Andrew Roberts
HarperCollins, 144 pp., $21.95

Within a month, Napoleon had surrendered his person to an English frigate; a few weeks later he began his long and terminal exile at St. Helena. The battle's butcher bill, including prodromal engagements and skirmishes on the two days before, was 120,300 killed and wounded. Accounts of the appearance of the "field"—Waterloo was a compact battlefield—differ little in their verbiage from similar accounts of Shiloh and the Somme, of Gettysburg and the Meuse-Argonne. Surviving participants grope for language equal to their horror and disbelief. They usually fail, *viz:* "The field of battle, after the victory, presented a frightful and most distressing spectacle." The commonplace observation, honestly employed but denatured by overuse, records the writer's ability to walk across such fields without ever touching the ground.

Communicating such horror is impossible. Modern readers are equally challenged by the sheer density of military narrative accounts of such battles, by their thick geographical references, unfamiliar names, titles, points of reference: "General le Comte Milhaud's IV Cavalry Corps set off on their doomed charge towards the Anglo-Allied infantry, with Ney at their head. Seeing Milhaud's cuirassiers attack, the cavalry general Charles Lefebvre-Desnottes followed on . . . by the same time the force crossed the west side of the Charleroi-Brussels road it numbered forty-three squadrons of heavy cavalry . . . "

The language is Andrew Roberts's from a new, brief, general account of the battle. It is lucid and eloquent—perhaps the best short account available to the general reader; of whom, however, like most military history, it demands self-conscious alertness, access to good maps, biographical references sources, and some knowledge of 18th-century, weaponry. Roberts makes the point that though Waterloo was fought a seventh of the way into the 19th century, it was prosecuted with artillery and small arms of roughly the same capabilities as those of 1745—indeed, of 1715. The standard infantry weapon on the British side was the Brown Bess musket, by 1818 already 70 years in use. The 12-pounder cannon (this is the weight of the solid-shot cannonball) employed the same technology of the 18th century—its effectiveness at Waterloo drastically limited by the saturated ground over which the battle was fought.

Napoleon's determination to engage the Anglo-Allied army and its Prussian cohort bears comparison to Robert E. Lee's conviction that Gettysburg must be fought on the ground where the armies found themselves on July 1, 1863. It was not arrogance; it was confidence in what a successful soldiery under brave subordinate commanders could accomplish—armies that had heretofore rarely failed their commanders. In each case there was a tacit underestimation of enemy strength, capability, and—above all—the advantages terrain provided. And in the prosecution of both battles, the attackers suffered poor coordination among the different arms (artillery and infantry at Gettysburg; artillery, cavalry, and infantry at Waterloo).

Many of the ablest regiments of the British Army missed Waterloo: They

Josiah Bunting III, president of the Guggenheim Foundation and former superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, is working on a biography of George C. Marshall.

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were still in America, dealing with General Jackson. Still, Wellington's army, given the nature of the ground it defended and the professionalism of its soldiers, and Wellington's *métier* as commanding general, and the strangely disconnected character of the French tactical offensives, made the victory an outcome more likely than less.

Andrew Roberts quotes the great Dutch historian Pieter Geyl: History is a continuing unresolved argument. Each fresh generation must look at Waterloo according to new evidence and its own preoccupations. Two letters are reproduced in the book's appendix: one by a young English officer to his father, and written several days after the battle. It reproduces faithfully the ambience and easy confidence, bordering on insouciance, of the British Army in Brussels. Another, by a participant, suggests that the disastrous attacks by the French cavalry under Marshal Ney, late in the afternoon of June 18, had been set off prematurely by simple movements on the right of the French force trying to come into proper alignment with other units. The movement was misinterpreted by a cavalry squadron nearby, who now believed the order to charge had been given. The massive assault failed disastrously.

Watching over the whole, coolly directing the disparate elements of his army, moving from one end of the British line to the other, indifferent to enemy fire, the Duke of Wellington proved himself, on this day, Napoleon's superior. A week earlier, out for a walk in the park in Brussels, he had found himself in conversation with the journalist/diarist Thomas Creevey, a kind of Dominick Dunne of his day. Wellington pointed at a British private idling nearby. He said, "There. It all depends on that article, whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it, and I am sure."

On June 18, the Duke had just enough of it (the reductionist "it" is important), facing the final French charge of the Old Guard, at 7:30, to win the most important battle of the 19th century. ♦

George Balanchine, Suzanne Farrell, 1965

Time Life Pictures / Getty Images / Gjon Mili

Dulcinea *en Pointe*

Balanchine's Don Quixote *gets an elegant revival.*

BY PIA CATTON

What a summer of love this has been. Tom Cruise fell for the nubile actress Katie Holmes, just in time for the premiere of *War of the Worlds*. Brad Pitt became smitten with his costar Angelina Jolie, conveniently prior to their film *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*. And in light of such calculated coupling, it's a relief to remember: Love affairs that play out in public were not always timed to the release of blockbuster movies. Once upon a time, such romances inspired the creation of new works of art (rather than just publicity for them). And that was the case with George Balanchine's 1965 ballet *Don Quixote*, which was revived last month at Washington's Kennedy Center.

At the age of 61, Balanchine created this narrative ballet as an open declaration of his feelings for the 19-year-old dancer Suzanne Farrell. In the early 1960s, Farrell was still in the corps of the New York City Ballet, but she so fully captured the master choreographer's heart and mind that he was inspired to make the full-length ballet for her. With "Don Q," she became known to the world as his muse, the one who would lead him through his later creative years. At the premiere, Balanchine himself performed as the doddering Don, spellbound by his ideal woman, Dulcinea—a role that no one but Suzanne Farrell danced. Until now.

Farrell, 59, is today the artistic director of her own eponymous ballet company and, as such, brought "Don Q" back to the stage this season with a fresh cast and new look. Balanchine had bequeathed the rights to her, so the choice to dust it off was entirely hers. And the time was right: Cervantes's novel, on which the ballet is based, celebrates its 400th anniversary this year. But more important, it has been 25 years since the ballet was last seen, a period that allowed the industry and Farrell enough distance from the original.

Aiding that distance is the fact that this is an entirely new production, cre-

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ated in partnership with the National Ballet of Canada. Ms. Farrell commissioned new sets, costumes, and lighting. She adhered closely to Balanchine's choreography by working from memory and a grainy, straight-shot videotape, but at times had to extrapolate.

The result is a thoroughly engaging ballet that in no way requires knowledge of the real-life back story. Balanchine's "Don Q" is deeply artistic and quite soulful—especially as opposed to Marius Petipa's comic version, which calls for virtuoso splash and a buffoonish Don. In Farrell's hands, Balanchine's "Don Q" is a streamlined story with powerful imagery and well-crafted dances, all of it designed to make you consider the big stuff: love, life, death, and religion.

The ballet opens with a prologue in the score by Nicolas Nabokov, cousin of the novelist. As the sharp, Stravinskyesque music unfolds, Don Quixote, played by Momchil Mladenov, reads in his study. The set, by Zack Brown, creates a dark, spare mood: giant books, some standing, some flat, surround a reading table and chair. When a barefoot servant girl (Sonia Rodriguez) comes to him, he is entranced. She carefully washes his feet—and dries them with her hair. When she leaves, she walks toward one of the giant books. It opens to reveal a staircase flooded with warm light. As she ascends to the light, Dulcinea's musical motif begins—and so does the Don's quest for her. Such compact, emotional stagecraft is rare these days.

As the action gets underway, the Don stumbles about town, trying to do good, but finding his attempts at justice rejected. Mladenov handled the role, which is more acting than dancing, with impressive clarity, if not magnetic gravitas.

In Act One, Rodriguez appears as the pretty shepherdess Marcela. She walks flirtatiously *en pointe* to the Don, bestows a kiss, then leaves without much ado. Her dancing makes more of an impact later, in a duet, after she rescues him from mockery at a high society ball. The dream sequence in Act Three features more of her, in solos and ensemble dances with the corps.

Suzanne Farrell coached Sonia Rodriguez closely, but wisely; they did not attempt a replication. What we sense, rather than see, in her dancing is the notion of the off-balance abandon that Balanchine created for (and from) Farrell. The legacy is there in the air, lingering like the scent of baked goods that were taken out of the house.

Rodriguez has an attractive sense of control, simultaneously heightened and loosened by this challenging choreography. Her demeanor was just right for the role: charming, understated. Her arms move in smooth, full strokes that made me think of panna, the curvy dollop of whipped cream that is served atop gelato.

As a whole, this ballet clips along at a smooth pace, with many emotionally sharp or visually intriguing scenes. Most effective of all is the final scene. The defeated Don returns to his study, where he is to die. A slow procession of clergy, carrying crosses and religious banners, walks through his room for his final rites. The servant girl, Rodriguez, picks up two sticks, holds them in the shape of a cross, and walks across the floor—very slowly—to him. She places the cross on the Don's chest, just as he dies. For a ballet that was meant as a public love letter, it is perhaps an odd, tragic choice. But as Farrell wrote about the scene, in her 1990 autobiography *Holding on to the Air*, "[Balanchine] wanted it to be uncomfortable, he wanted everyone to be waiting, to feel the loneliness that life can have."

It could be argued that what Balanchine saw in Suzanne Farrell was his deliverance from that loneliness—and the ballet immortalized that idea. Of course, Tom Cruise and Brad Pitt want to be delivered from that loneliness, too. And they are. One red carpet at a time. ♦

Shelby Foote, 1916-2005

Novelist, historian, talking head, and 'epic bard.'

BY EDWIN M. YODER JR.

There was something beyond old-fashioned—maybe the right word is archaic—about Shelby Foote. It emerged full-blown that evening a decade ago when he appeared in Ken Burns's Civil War series as the best voice of our national *Iliad*. He recited his anecdotes with a twinkling eye and in that mellow, ruminative baritone that was designed to enthrall and persuade.

I use the Homeric allusions advisedly, for epic tales, more often than not of heroic warfare, were chanted around open fires a long time before anyone ever wrote them down on animal skins. Recent Homeric scholarship has teased the joints and seams from these earliest tales, showing how stock phrases and choral touches helped the singers remember and add their own variations to the familiar.

With the unaffected country-store manner, the floppy hair, the beard and pipe, Shelby Foote seemed born to be an epic bard. But it took a long time, and the imagination of Ken Burns, to move him from the printed page into the limelight. He was already becoming an old man and his small but select company of fans, readers of his Civil War trilogy, felt that it was high time.

This was the Shelby Foote, already a sort of Mount Rushmore figure, whom I met for the first time one night in Lexington, Virginia, a place suffused with Civil War memory, where I was teaching and he had come to lecture. I

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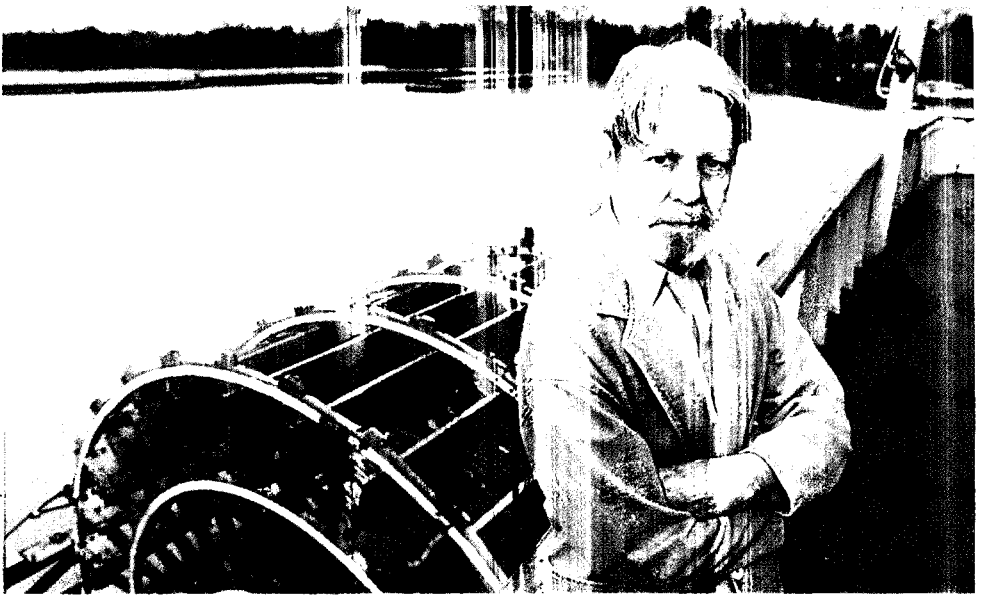
had long admired his writing and felt that I knew him in a way from the reports of friends. I had been told that he made no idle concessions to the modern world. He wrote with an antique pen of the sort you had to dip in an inkwell, the next best thing to cutting his own quills, perhaps. Willie Morris, his fellow Mississippian and kinsman through the Foote connection, had told me a revealing story. For whatever reason, Shelby Foote never autographed his books, but Willie had asked him to make an exception for the sake of consanguinity and old friendship and autograph his novel *Shiloh* for his young son David. Foote refused. But he raised the ante: "Willie," he wrote, "bring David to Memphis and we'll go together to the Shiloh battlefield and I'll show him around." As if, to continue the theme, Homer had offered to show a boy around the plains of windy Troy. And he did.

Foote, that evening in the mid-1990s, had come to Washington and Lee to read and lecture. He relished, albeit quietly, his sudden fame as a raconteur and, no less, the sudden flow of big money from the sale of his trilogy. That very morning, he told us, he had signed a check to the IRS for $250,000, taxes on the cool million in royalties that was the first fruit of the Ken Burns series.

He laughed. "I'm the first person in the family to have any money since my granddaddy," he said.

Our companion at that memorable Lexington dinner with my colleagues Severn Duvall and Jim Warren was a pleasant, compact man of middling height and build who was as much the genuine article as he seemed on the television screen, a rare instance in which such appearances aren't deceiving. I felt that I knew him, not only from his work and from Willie Morris's story but because, some 22 years and a generation apart, he and I had sat in the same English department classrooms in Chapel Hill, under some of the same mentors. I had wondered how he and his friends, the Percy boys of Greenville, Mississippi, had ventured almost a thousand miles north to college. The Percy guardian (and Shelby Foote's surrogate father as well) was the distinguished poet and writer, William Alexander Percy, whose marvelous memoir *Lanterns on the Levee* is an underread Southern classic.



CORBIS / Philip Gould

Shelby Foote on board the "Delta Queen," Vicksburg, April 1991

Was it, I asked, because Uncle Will Percy had wanted to entrust them to the liberalizing influence of Dr. Frank Porter Graham, then UNC's legendary president?

"They were certainly friends," Foote said, "and Uncle Will loved Frank Graham and what he stood for, especially in racial matters. But that isn't the real story. We wanted to write, Walker and I, and so Uncle Will set out to discover who had the best writing programs in the South. He came up with Rollins and UNC. Rollins [a liberal arts college in Winter Park, Florida] didn't suit Uncle Will's notion of Southernness. So he sent Leroy and Walker to Chapel Hill and I tagged along."

"Tagged along," I learned not long ago when I read a recent Foote biography, was a disarming phrase. The fact was that he had been refused admission to the freshman class of 1938—how many idiotic errors of judgment do admissions offices make?—but showed up in Chapel Hill anyway and talked his way into school.

I'm not sure just where Ken Burns got the idea of bringing the Civil War to life on the television screen with still pictures, music, and voices. The technique, once a novelty, has now become a visual cliché. Still less, is Foote's special magic easy to explain. It was the manner, the face, the timbre, and serenity of the voice, to be sure. But undoubtedly one clue to the magic lies in that word "narrative." He subtitled his trilogy "a narrative," no doubt deliberately. That set him apart. Too many professional historians and teachers of history these days have lost their nerve and strayed from historical storytelling. In some cases they lack the capacity to make a smooth and persuasive narrative of the recalcitrant fragments of the past and, thus handicapped, content themselves with retrospective sociology. For good measure they often sneer at narrative history as technically naive—and, though they don't say it outright, politically incorrect, inasmuch as it features heroic figures and real people rather than abstract collectivities and categories like "the people."

The truth is that narrative of the sort Shelby Foote wrote, with its vivid personalities and its wry sense of the human comedy, demands not only command but artistry. Foote had wanted to be celebrated as a novelist, like his friend Walker Percy. It was his destiny to be remembered, at least for now, as a narrative historian fit to be mentioned in the same breath with Francis Parkman, William Hickling Prescott, and Henry Adams—not bad at all. Fortunately, we have his voice, too, not only in the Civil War video but in the readings he recorded of his set pieces on Gettysburg and Vicksburg. For some of us it is the sound of our own Homer. *Listen!* ♦

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Risible Nuptials

'Wedding Crashers' is 'a sensational dirty joke of a movie.' BY JOHN PODHORETZ

The first 15 minutes of *Wedding Crashers* are about as good as American comedy gets. Washingtonians John Beckwith (Owen Wilson) and Jeremy Klein (Vince Vaughn) work as divorce mediators, and as the movie opens, we see them browbeat a husband and wife who would just as soon kill each other as settle their outstanding issues into a conciliatory deal—so long as the two guys finally just *stop their incessant yammering*.

Their business might be divorce mediation, but their true vocation lies elsewhere. John and Jeremy are professional wedding crashers, who search the engagement columns of the *Washington Post* for promising nuptials where the food will be plentiful and the unattached bridesmaids numerous. It's June—wedding season—and, like Runyonesque horse players heading up to Saratoga, John and Jeremy have already determined which of the month's events are going to attract their attention.

There are 37 in all. And in a dazzling montage that fizzles and crackles across the screen, we see the boys doing the kazatsky, making balloon animals for the kiddies to attract the attention of the single women, faking tears to appear sensitive, telling made-up sob stories to tug on the heartstrings, dancing with the grandmas to appear goodhearted, telling ancient thigh-slappers to old men to appear immensely entertaining—all the while scarfing down every crab cake known to man. Finally, as the Jewish and Hindu and Polish and Italian wedding dances reach their crescendo, so do John and Jeremy. They bed down bridesmaid after bridesmaid, week after week, and make a clean getaway because, after all, they haven't revealed their true last names, jobs, or identities.

Wedding Crashers is a cheerfully and unapologetically ribald sex comedy (so be warned if profanity and nudity offend you). Still, those looking for a moral in *Wedding Crashers* will not be shot. Rest assured that John and Jeremy are about to get their comeuppance in hilarious and touching ways.

They decide to take on the ultimate wedding-crasher challenge: a Maryland high-society affair made up of equal parts old Chesapeake money and newfangled Homeland Security protection. The father of the bride (Christopher Walken) is secretary of the treasury. Jeremy makes a play for a sweet young thing on the beach who suddenly turns terrifying when she tells him she's a virgin and will love him forever.

"I've got a Stage Five clinger!" he tells John, which requires an instant hurried exit, stage left.

But John refuses because, like the audience itself, he's almost instantly lost his heart to the ineffably charming Claire (superstar-in-the-making Rachel McAdams, late of *The Notebook*). Claire is the sister of the bride, and John offers her sage counsel about the toast she is about to give—counsel she ignores, and suffers for ignoring. Chastened, she returns to him and apologizes. John, who has started to question the thrill of the wedding-crasher chase, decides he wants to get to know her and see if there might be something real between them.

As it happens, the Stage Five Clinger is also a sister of the bride. She's Gloria, played by an astonishingly hilarious and gorgeous Australian actress named Isla Fisher. It turns out that Gloria is neither sweet nor at all virginal. She wants Jeremy, and she will have him—even if she has to tie him up (literally) and scourge his wounds to keep him close.

John and Jeremy find themselves invited to the treasury secretary's Eastern Shore estate for the weekend, where they will have to contend with Claire and Gloria's drunken and randy mother (Jane Seymour), an artist brother who likes Jeremy in the same crazy way his sister does, and Claire's insanely competitive fiancé, who suspects these two guys aren't brother venture capitalists from Vermont at all.

For the past decade, Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn have been transfusing life and energy into a variety of delightful and unusual American films. Here they prove themselves a comedy team for the ages. Both tall and a bit goony-looking, stylistically they are actually wonderfully apposite opposites in the manner of Laurel and Hardy.

Vaughn spits out dialogue like a tobacco auctioneer trying to get prices up. In the movie's second scene, he zooms through a monologue about why he no longer bothers with dating—and a speech that must have run about four pages in script form is dispensed with in about 30 seconds of screen time.

Vaughn, really, is nothing short of astounding here, but the movie wouldn't work without Wilson's soulful oddity. He moves in slow motion, his Texas drawl extending words out until they stretch like a piece of gum stuck to your shoe—and makes Vaughn's hyperactivity both tolerable and lovable.

The movie starts running out of gas after about an hour, and grinds to a halt when Claire learns of John's subterfuge. Even so, *Wedding Crashers*—written by a couple of nobodies named Steve Faber and Bob Fisher and directed by a nobody named David Dobkin—is a sensational dirty joke of a movie, the sort of picture that might get people excited about going to the theater again. ♦

John Podhoretz is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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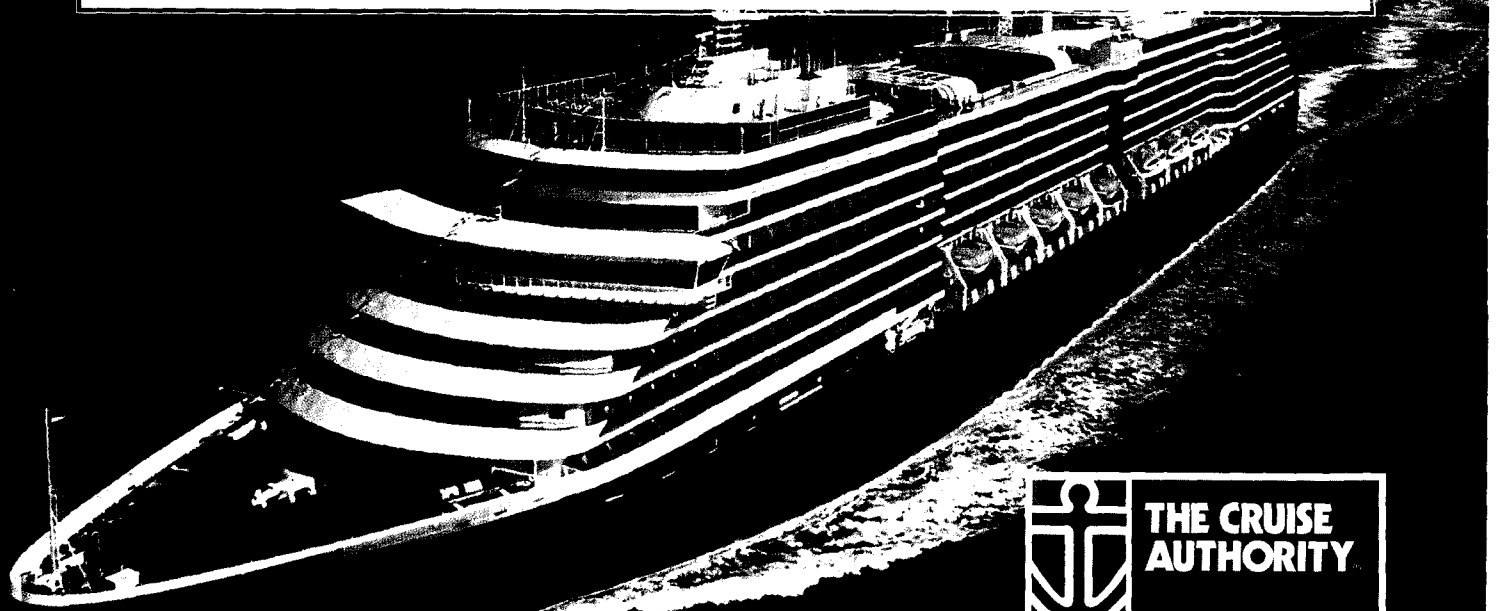

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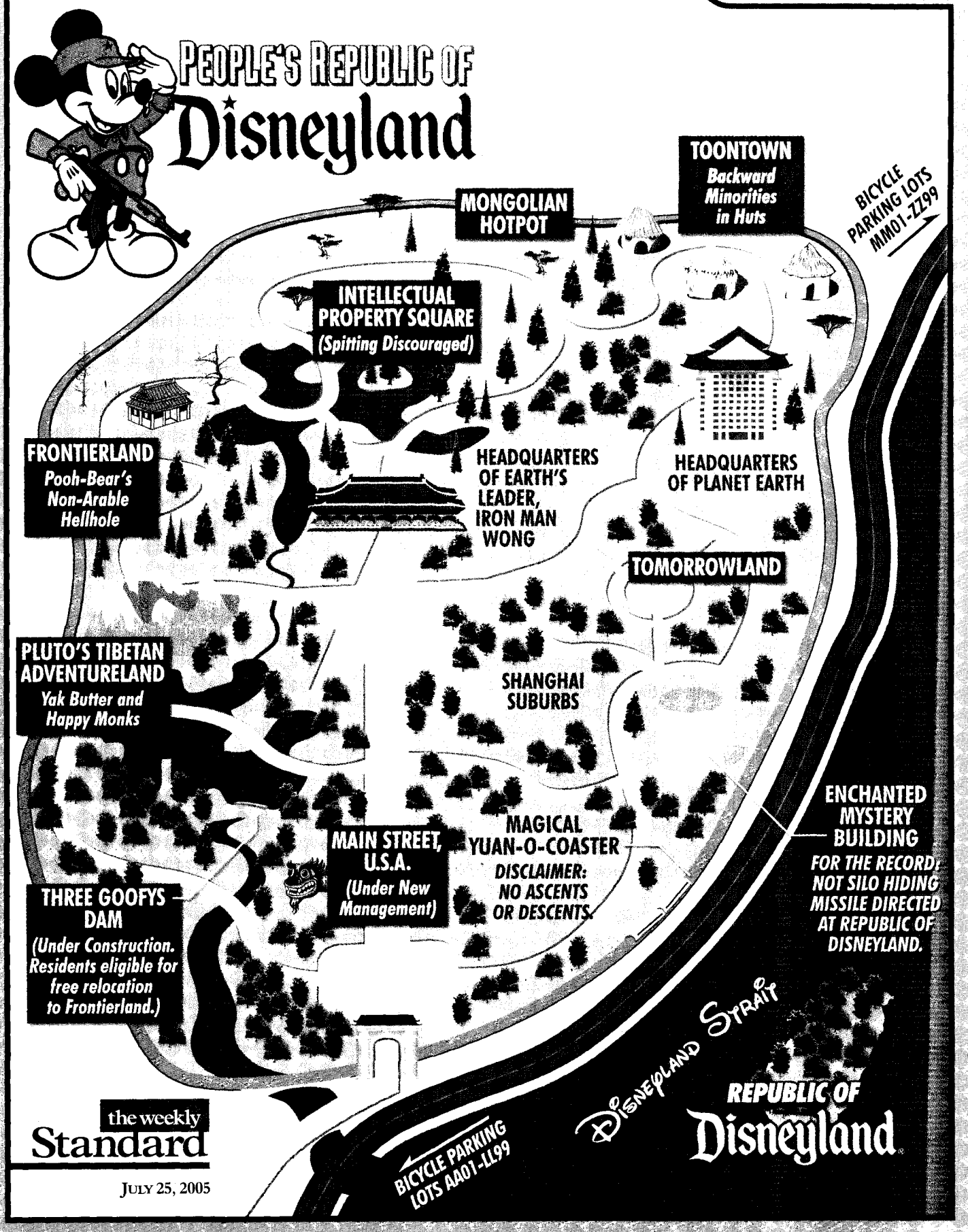

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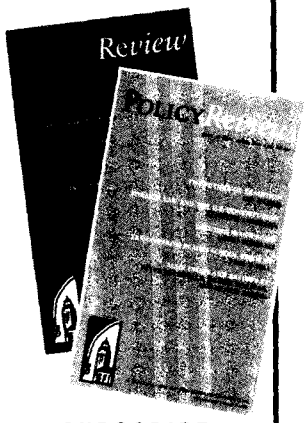

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In the new issue

The Future of Tradition

Transmitting the visceral core of civilization

[For a] society that wishes to reproduce itself . . . [it] is not enough to pass on the good china; you must also pass on the family recipe for making the pot roast. Yet even that is not quite enough; you must also find a way to pass along the culinary skills needed to transform a recipe written in words into an actual plate of pot roast. Figuratively speaking, a civilization must pass on the china, the recipe, and the cook. But even this is not quite enough. You must also make the cook realize that in addition to cooking, he must know how to replace himself, and, most critically, he must feel that he has a duty to replace himself. Not only must he teach his children to cook, but he must also teach them how to teach their children to cook. . . . The grandchild, far from being incidental, is decisive. Civilization persists when there is a widespread sense of an ethical obligation on the part of the present generation for the well-being of the third generation—their own grandchildren.

—*Lee Harris*

Foreign Law and the U.S. Constitution

The Supreme Court's global aspirations

[The phrase] a "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" . . . has morphed into a cliché, offered in any and all circumstances in support of expansive views of the place of international law in U.S. law. . . . [But] Jefferson was referring . . . not to justification of the practices of a settled constitutional order of several centuries, but instead to a society that was about to undertake revolution, rebellion, sedition, treason, confiscation, secession, and war against its lawful sovereign. The moment indeed warranted an explanation for why all that was justified, in terms that the rest of mankind might understand. Nine generations later, Justice Breyer might more accurately have said that consideration of the opinions of mankind was appropriate at, not from, the moment of the nation's birth.

—*Kenneth Anderson*

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